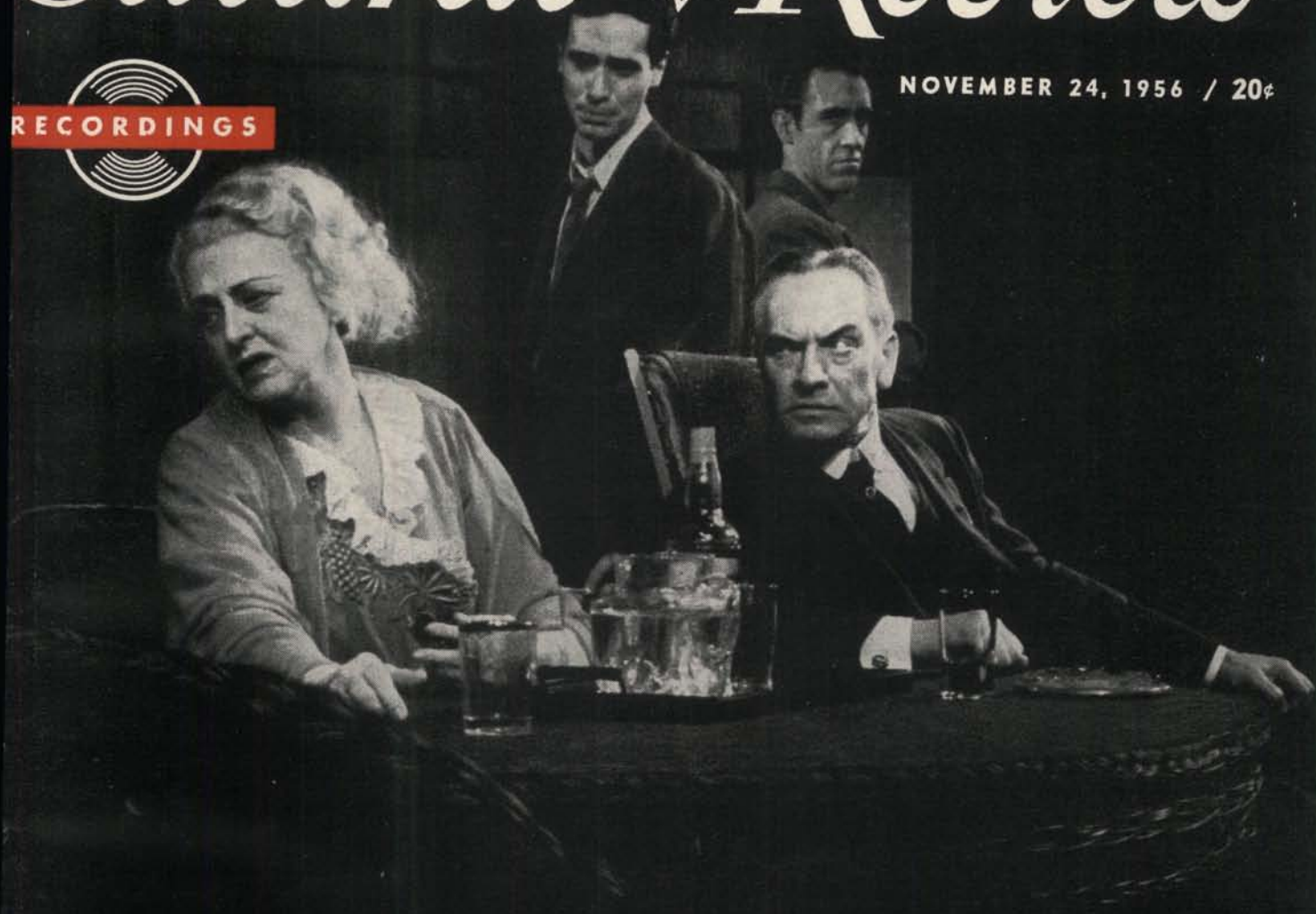
Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 24, 1956 / 20¢

RECORDINGS



EUGENE O'NEILL'S "LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT," Starring Frederic March and Florence Eldridge. (See Broadway Postscript)

THE ABUSE OF DEMOCRACY

By Virginia C. Gildersleeve

THE ART OF PADEREWSKI

By Abram Chasins

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the music Mozart wanted you to hear

Most experts hesitate, then take refuge in an old saw when asked to define high fidelity. "Concert hall realism" is the phrase they usually conjure up. Actually, this begs the question.

The concert hall is one special area of musical experience; listening to music in your own home is another. Each has its place for the music lover.

When you want to listen to live music played by live musicians — unless you have a home large enough to accommodate an orchestra — there is clearly no substitute for the concert hall.

We don't recommend high fidelity *in place* of the concert hall. It has certain advantages over a live concert but it does not bring live musicians into your home. Nor is high fidelity a mere *substitute* for the concert hall: it stands on its own as the best way to create fine music in your home.

High fidelity is the technique for reproducing music and the spoken word IN YOUR HOME the way the composer himself would wish you to hear it.

A symphony, a concerto, any real musical form, is a wondrous complex of sound and energy, tonal range and loudness, color and balance. This incredibly intricate relationship of sound moved through the composer's mind as he fashioned the music and it is this complex which must be perfectly recaptured if the listener is to experience *all* the music Mozart wanted him to hear.

In a concert hall you hear it all if you're fortunate enough to sit in the right seat. Harman-Kardon high fidelity does it for you every time *in your own home* because it takes perfect program material, created under ideal conditions, and retells it with authenticity. The special sonorities of the instruments and the coloration and balance among them are completely retained. Adjustment is made for the acoustic conditions in your room and for your own hearing characteristics.

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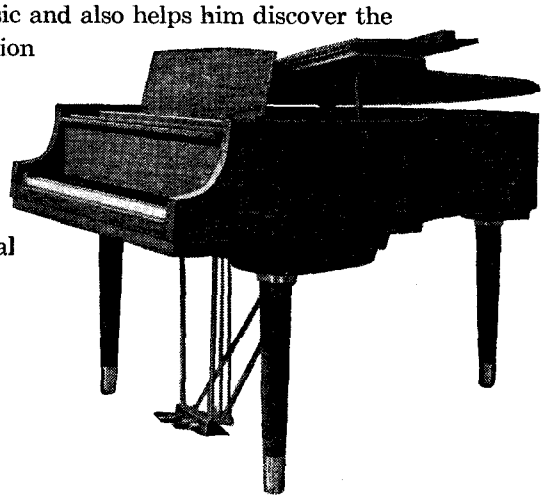

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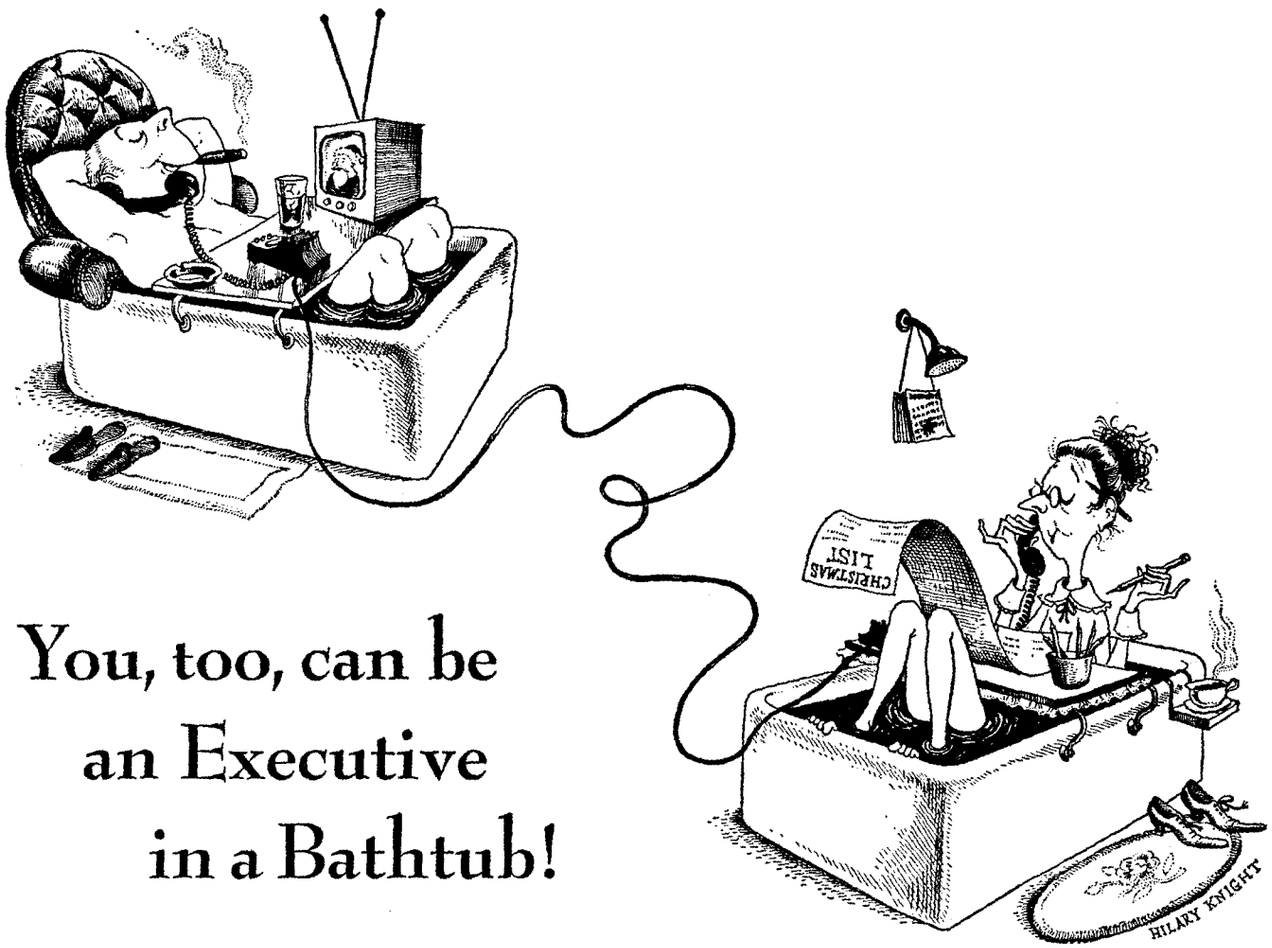

You, too, can be an Executive in a Bathtub!

Regard this man. He toils not, neither does he spin (it has been proven that the bathtub is no spot for toiling and plain impractical for spinning). What he's doing is going over his Christmas shopping list. If you detect a slight air of complacency about him, it's because he's got the whole thing taped. He has come to a firm-jawed, executive decision—and for once it's a good one. He's going to give everybody books for Christmas.

He has discovered that all he needs to do is to tell an experienced bookseller the names of the people on his list and a little bit about what kind of people they are. And that's *all* he has to do. Then, out to those people will go beautifully packaged, highly personal gifts—each one subtly flattering the intelligence of the givee, each one hitting the bull's eye of his keenest interest, whether that interest is playing polo, sex, old coins, the goings on among bearded and even unbearded historical characters, gardening, or golf.

He's discovered how easy it is, once he's found an experienced bookseller who knows all about the recent books which are candidates for gift selection.

And to get you in the spirit of the whole thing, you will find a list on the facing page that contains a batch of highly specific gift suggestions that belong at the bedside, beside the armchair, or in the library of people you know.

You will now not have another thing to do and can call your broker or look at television in peace. No—there will be one more thing—to sit back and gracefully receive the delighted thanks and compliments of your friends, relatives, and business acquaintances for your thoughtfulness, generosity, and cleverness. Happy, happy Executive! Merry, merry Christmas!

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The Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 24, 1956

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A one-volume encyclopedia of Western Culture in text and pictures — from the prehistoric world to the present, combining the arts of painting, sculpture, architecture, furniture, design, the minor and graphic arts, with literature and music as together they record the History of Western Civilization

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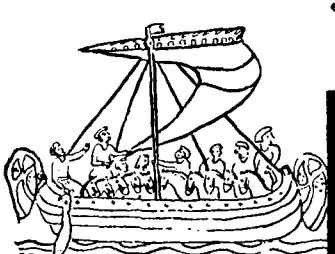
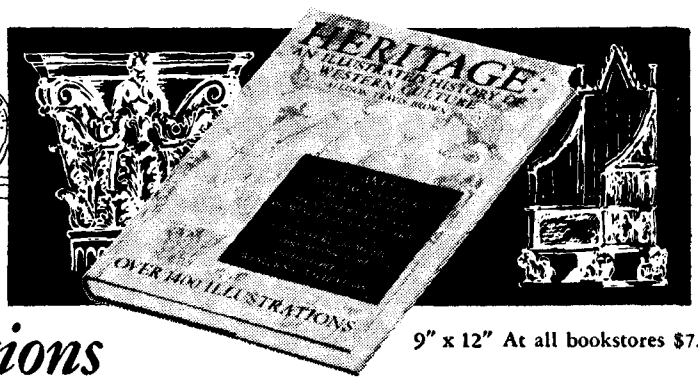
At a time when the culture and ideology of the West are being scrutinized by the entire world, this book presents a delightful and important survey of the rich cultural heritage we have inherited and created. It is in itself a work of great artistic merit which will fascinate people of all ages, and which will prove a helpful and inspiring addition to any home or library.



"A very remarkable and necessary book."
—FRANCIS HENRY TAYLOR, Director of Worcester Art Museum



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TRADE Winds

THE PHOENIX NEST

TELEVISION ADDICTS have been hearing some wonderful things about those long, underslung 1957 automobile models, but here's a vehement minority report from Bill Cole, of the Knopf empire:

Hey, hey! Make way for the latest model,
Get set for the advertising twaddle;
Here is Detroit's perennial flower,
Shiny and sleek and pulsing with power.

It's a car!
Although it's kind of yacht-like;
It's a car,
A car that I do *not* like!

It's longer, squatter, slicker, and fatter;
The motor won't knock, windows won't shatter;
The springs rebound like a fresh elastic;
The upholstery? Man! Needle-point plastic!

It's a car!
But how they camouflage it!
It's a car;
And yet you can't garage it.

The door is low, and my head is tender,
You can't tell the body from the fender,
There isn't a gear shift, there isn't a starter;
As the driving gets simpler, the motor gets smarter.

It's a car
Which looks more like a shark, it *Is* a car,
Though you surely can't park it.

It looks half-dressed, in two-colored pastel,
It's got jet-action, which for jets is swell;
Its air-conditioned engine, of of course, is
Packed with the power of three-hundred horses!

It's a car!
Down beneath the chromium;
It's a car;
Don't ask my encomium.

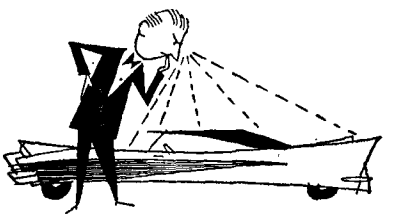
The windows work if you touch a button;
What does this save in energy? Nut'n.
With no levers to shift, there's no need for skill;
A moron could drive it; possibly will.

It's a car!
The rear is kind of fin-like;
It's a car;
You tap it; kind of tin-like.

There's nothing to worry about from torque;
You bang your head on the dashboard; it's cork;
With a radar brake and a safety belt,
Available for additional gelt.

It's a car!
Just see how they disguise it;
It's a car;
I hope nobody buys it.

The overdrive, they say, will delight you;



The front end looks as if it would bite you;
The price is high, but you must remember;
It's built to last until next November!

SPEAKING OF TELEVISION (which we were doing at the top of this column), Mabel Winter Willson, of Van Nuys, California, submits

You Can't Do That

The microphone glared at the stop-watch,
The glithering aud. grew blim . . .
The show came off a transcription
So the lights in the aud. were dim.

They had cut and the cuts were painful
As they hammered the thing into shape;
The author cringed as his choicest lines
Succumbed to the ghastly rape.

The producer turned to the author,
His lips were thinly pressed . . .
"The thing is still a minute too long,
Have you anything to suggest?"

The author was young, a novice,
He lifted his bright young head;

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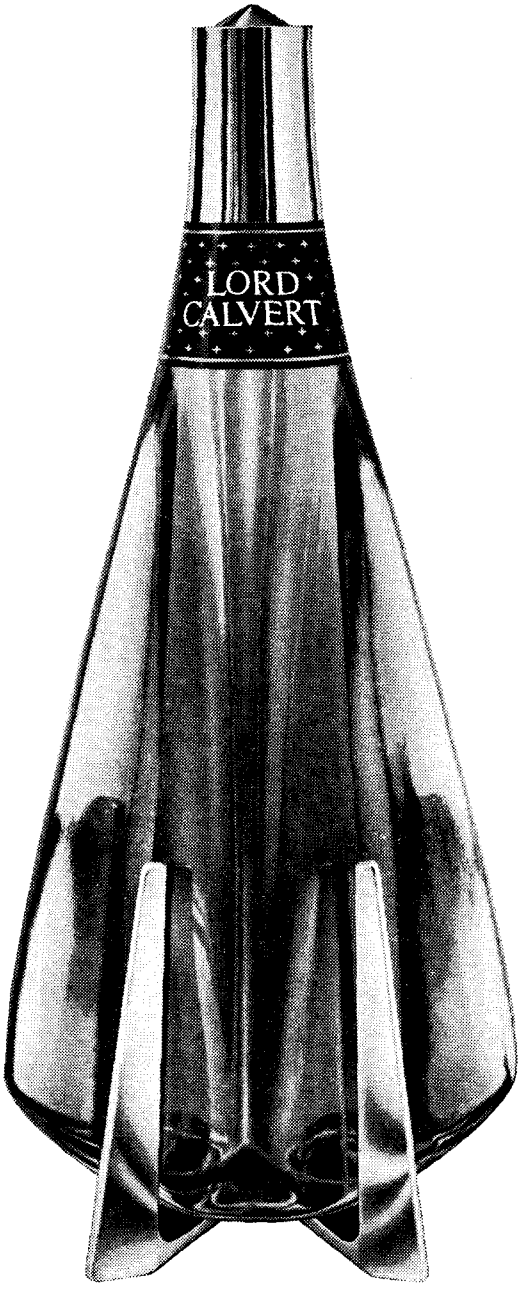
CHRISTMAS GIFT

Lord Calvert



Lord Calvert, one of the world's three great whiskies,
is now on a golden pedestal—for Christmas

(costs no more than Lord Calvert in the regular bottle)

BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, CALVERT DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C.

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Hope flamed anew within him:
"Why not cut the commercial?"
he said.

LEONARD BOASBERG, of Omaha, adds this postscript to the recent election hoopla:

Now that it's tabulated,
Now that the pundits have
spoken,
I'm discombobulated:
What did it really betoken?

Lippmann and Lawrence and
Fleeson,
Gallup and Roper and Bean—
This is the post-mortem season;
But what did it really mean?

What did it mean? Don't be flip,
man!
It's clear as a crystal tureen:
Ask Fleeson and Lawrence and
Lippmann,
Ask Gallup, ask Roper, ask Bean.

From **DON LINDSAY,** poet laurete of McCann Erickson's Cleveland outpost:

Chalk Up Another for Satan

(British Theatre of Operations)

She was a Mission captain's
daughter,
Chilly but brave in the rain.
Her tambourine was soon filled
with water,
But she still asked for pennies—
in vain!

She had learned to look Sin in its
leering face,
To challenge The Foe with heels
tight together.
She knew she was in a mild state
of grace,
But was prone to condemn the
inclement weather.

Crowds scurried by in their rude
rush for shelter;

They never so much as gave her
the eye
As they scampered on past her,
helter-skelter;
Yet she stood there, like Nelson,
to do or die.

When her tambourine had at last
overflowed—
Not with pennies but with
water—
She emptied it out on the Mile
End Road
And ceased to be a captain's
daughter:

"To 'ell," she said, "wiv me
leftenant's pips—
To 'ell wiv 'The Ceaseless War
Against Sin.'
I'm soaked to the scanties wot
cling to me 'ips . . .

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And ain't cadged enough yet for
one slug o' gin!"

FROM M. M. PARRISH, of Albuquerque:

Borrowing Trouble

As I'm punctilious, I burn
When someone says, "Did you
return

The book I lent you in
September?"
If I reply emphatically,
Indignantly, dramatically,
That very well do I remember
Giving it to her in November,
It's hard to justify myself
When she espies it on my shelf.

THE HEAD OF THE GRADUATE Library School at the University of Chicago hazarded an opinion that the book in its traditional form will not be completely abandoned in the future but will be put to new uses—a not-too-optimistic prediction that prompted Richard Armour to dash off the following:

One for the Book

With microfilm and such as that,
Soon books as we have known
them
Are sure to be so obsolete
That very few will own them.

But books will still be used,
of course,
They'll still be rather handy.
When hollowed out, they'll do
quite well
For cigarettes and candy.

They'll hold a pile of papers down
As well as weights are able,
They'll also keep a door ajar
And prop a shaky table.

They'll serve to press some
flowers with
Or ribbons won as prizes,
Or pile upon your tummy when
You're doing excercises.

No, books will never pass away,
They're what we'll still be
needing,
Although in time they may be
used
For everything but reading.

CHARLIE PRESTON, of *Sports Illustrated,* brings this column to an appropriate close with his story of a recalcitrant horse who, instead of training for the Kentucky Derby, stomped around his stall all day reading erotic poetry. His trainer, of course, referred to him as "The Bad Steed." —BENNETT CERF.

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Spring Summer and Fall Travel — *Write for folders*

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Kid Stuff

—From "Write Me a Poem, Baby."

IN **"Write Me a Poem, Baby"** (Little, Brown, $2.95) H. Allen Smith confesses to a chink in his otherwise sound armor. He is, he admits, "a pushover for the writings of small children." Since cards are being laid on the table, this reviewer will have to fess up that he is *not* a pushover for such endeavors. But if anything is calculated to make a convert out of a crusty misanthrope it is this collection of juvenilia which Mr. Smith has assembled; it has a way of sneaking up on the reader and slugging him in the solar plexus. Consider the case of ten-year-old Nora Johnson, whose *Mairsy-Doats* was a newspaper dedicated to eternal resistance to tyranny—the tyranny of parents. The editorials slashed at these dictators and their stupid ideas, which they were forever trying to palm off on their betters, *i.e.*, their children. Two of Nora's fighting editorials follow:

Cleanliness Is Not Next to Godliness

We have discovered that in the soap factory they throw the soap by bushels into dirty old tubs, they don't care what happens to it, and most of the soap you get has been left standing at least two weeks. They call it anything they can think of and the labels are mixed. Soap is impure to the body and creates a rash on the limbs.

Candy

One of the most nutritious foodstuffs is that delicious object, manufactured all over the world, namely, candy. There are lots of kinds of candy, old-fashioned sugarplums, stick candy, molasses, fudge, and candy drops. The two principal classes of candy are hard candy and soft candy and they're both good. DID YOU KNOW that candy and sodas and sundaes and ice cream of all kinds have more vitamins and calories than any other food in the world? That fudge should be made every day to sustain life?

This is genius, and even the crustiest misanthrope cannot gainsay it. "Write Me a Poem, Baby" is studded with creations of equal caliber, as

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well as with appropriately pithy comments by its author.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

BOYS WILL BE BOYS: All small boys are mischievous but Muriel Resnik's two sons, Mike and Hank, pull out all the stops when it comes to wreaking havoc with pranks undreamed of in Spock or Gesell. **"Life Without Father"** (Vanguard, $3.50) regales us with the blow-by-blow details of how a young divorcee managed to bring up her charges through one frightening phase after another. When the boys were only three and five years old their anti-social behavior in a progressive nursery school started to turn mother's hair gray. Keeping up with the boys meant learning about water bugs, a circus weight lifter, and baseball players—in that order. During trips back and forth between her family's summer home in Connecticut and Florida, Mother found it a toss-up as to which was comparatively more bearable—the plane travel when Hank used up all the "bomit" containers in sight or the train compartment where the frantic conductor finally locked them all in. The highlight of their first summer away at camp was learning how to make a hangman's noose. Even mother's social life had its harrowing moments as the various beaux and potential stepfathers who called on Mother had to face a barrage of intimate questions. The book begins at high speed but slows down to a walk as the boys grow older and the author discusses more serious family matters. Throughout Miss Resnik displays a light, expert touch and a way with humorous anecdotes.

—DOROTHY MANDEL.

MAYHEM IN THE BASEMENT: Working with my own daughter's Brownie Troop, I can sympathize with the account Mary Bard gives in **"Just Be Yourself"** (Lippincott, $3.50) of her encounters with the little darlings as a new Brownie Leader. During her own traveling childhood Mary Bard had never known the pleasures of being a Girl Scout but her three daughters, Mari, nine, Sally, seven and a half, and Heidi, six, envious of their brown-clad schoolmates, begged her to get them into the over-crowded neighborhood troop. The Girl Scout Council suggested that Mary start off by helping the pregnant leader, and she ended up by housing no less than three Brownie Troops running full blast in her redecorated basement gameroom. As in her earlier popular autobiographical books, "The Doctor Wears Three Faces," and "Forty Odd," Miss Bard displays a light, humorous touch combined with a knack for recording youthful repartee.—D. M.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

HOWARD SHANET now teaching at Columbia University, formerly taught at Hunter College and conducted the Huntington Symphony.

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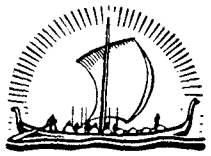

...for instance

For more than thirty years we've been publishing books, most of which have won the praise of a gratifying number of critics. Never before this Autumn of 1956, however, have we published a list which has so uniformly won quite so much praise. We cannot, in this space, name all the books which are part of this list. But we can refer to some highlights, with a representative comment on each.

So Far From Spring

by PEGGY SIMSON CURRY

"A book about life, and true to life, it is sometimes gay, occasionally angry, earthy when need be and often distinctly beautiful... establishes her place in the American literary scene...."
—EDWIN S. KYLE *Washington Star* $3.95

Madame Solario

AUTHOR ANONYMOUS

"A compelling tale compounded of suspense and mystery, and spun out with a skill that keeps the reader on tenterhooks...."
—JOHN BARKHAM, *Saturday Review Syndicate* $3.95

O Beulah Land

by MARY LEE SETTLE

"A crowded, elaborately constructed, spirited novel of the days before the American Revolution.... It deserves serious consideration as a work of art and it promises much for Miss Settle's future in this medium."—CARL CARMER, *Saturday Review* $3.95

The Sacrifice

by ADELE WISEMAN

"Few fictional tragedies are enriched by such bustling human warmth and contain so many expertly portrayed characters.... Miss Wiseman has brought a whole community to life and delved deeply into the secret places of the heart."—ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *N. Y. Times* $3.95

The Drunken Forest

by GERALD DURRELL

"Any reader who has an ounce of love for animals should find *The Drunken Forest* irresistible. For Mr. Durrell has not only a way with animals but a charming way with words...."
—ROBERT M. HALLETT, *Christian Science Monitor* *Illus.* $3.75

Anglo-Saxon Attitudes

by ANGUS WILSON

"Out of England has come a brilliant novel with a story to tell, an outlook upon human experience to reveal, wit and insight to display."—JAMES GRAY, *Saturday Review* $4.50

Russia Without Stalin

by EDWARD CRANKSHAW

"Brilliant, perceptive, unbiased book by an author whom I consider one of the greatest living experts on Russia....He is both a scholar and a first-rate reporter..."—STERLING NORTH, *N. Y. World Telegram & Sun* *Illus.* $3.75

My Lord, What a Morning

by MARIAN ANDERSON

"Her story...is as fabulous as her life, and it is a glorious story."
—DANIEL A. POLING, *Christian Herald* *Illus.* $5.00

Harlan Fiske Stone: Pillar of the Law

by ALPHEUS THOMAS MASON

"A noble biography of a noble Chief Justice....The most authoritative account ever published of the inside operation of the Supreme Court of the United States....The story is pure fascination."—ADOLF A. BERLE, JR. *Illus.* $8.75

Just Out

Seize the Day

by SAUL BELLOW $3.00

And Still To Be Published...

The Fountain Overflows

by REBECCA WEST $5.00

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The Saturday Review
NOVEMBER 24, 1956

THE ABUSE OF DEMOCRACY

Majority Rule vs. the Scholar

Learning is apolitical—or should be as nearly so as possible. This is the message of Virginia C. Gildersleeve, dean of Barnard College from 1911 to 1947, who is distressed by the distortions that result when well-meaning idealists impose political philosophies or fads on the pure processes of scholarship.

—Portrait by Harold Brett.

V. C. Gildersleeve: "Truth must be weighed by time."

By V. C. GILDERSLEEVE

EDUCATION in our country has been harmed as well as helped by the word "democracy." That chameleon-like word, which means so many different things to so many different people (witness the interpretations the Russians put upon it!) arouses emotions everywhere. We Americans would lay down our lives for the meaning which we devoutly believe in and value. We ought to lay down, if not our lives, at least a good barrage against the twisted meaning and misuse of it that threatens to wreck the quality of our education.

"Democracy" is fundamentally a *political* term, applying to political units or groups of human beings. We follow democratic principles, I hope, in the government of our nation, our state, our city, and the little village in which I live. But when we begin to apply "democracy" in the fields of education or scholarship grave perils descend upon us.

One of these perils is the fetish of the majority vote. In operating any political government we have to depend upon a vote to determine what policies are to be adopted, what persons elected to represent us and carry out those policies. The majority, under limitations imposed by the Constitution and the courts, must determine these things. It is a convenient way of settling political action. We have not been able to find a better one.

The peril is that this useful device for settling political matters comes to be regarded by people at large with a kind of superstitious reverence, as if a majority vote could settle the *truth* of a theory or proposition in the field of scholarship or education. A few moments' serious thought will convince anyone that even the most august convention, the wisest meeting of the Parent-Teacher Association, or of the American Legion, even of the Senate of the United States, cannot by majority vote determine the truth or the falsity of, let us say, the latest Einstein theory. That has to be decided in the long run by the innumerable tests of time and experiment. Even for questions far less abstruse and complex than the Einstein theory truth or falsity must be weighed and determined by the politically indifferent scales of time.

To a lesser degree this is true not only of the scholar's search for truth but also of matters of educational policy. Yet we have to settle a good

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many questions in schools and colleges and universities, important questions of educational policy such as the requirements of the curriculum, by a majority vote of the faculty under the safeguards of parliamentary law. Yet we should never forget that this cannot possibly establish their verity or wisdom; the decisions should always be open to later reconsideration and further discussion.

IN THE fields of scholarship and education it is also important to remember that popular opinion polls or the majority votes of school boards, trustees, or legislative bodies cannot determine the ultimate *value* of the research project or the educational method or aim. Even Research Councils, though they have to decide what projects to aid, cannot really determine this. The greatest possible freedom should be given to the young scholar to pursue the truth in whatever field interests him, however useless it may appear to the public at large or even to smaller groups of experts. I was immensely impressed in my youth by that remarkable book "The Life of Louis Pasteur," by Vallery-Radot. The early portion tells how the young Pasteur spent the first years of his scientific research studying racemic acid, the peculiarities of the left-handed and right-handed crystals of racemic acid. Nothing could seem more foolish to the average citizen than to have a promising young man waste his time in this obscure and apparently useless research. And yet, apart from adding to man's total knowledge of truth, Pasteur's researches in the long run were to have stupendous practical value, saving the lives of thousands of human beings and billions of francs for the silk industry of France.

Another instance of the apparent uselessness of scholarly research impressed me deeply in my early years. There was a professor of zoology at Columbia who, as a hobby, studied medieval armor. He became a curator of medieval armor at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. His detailed studies of this subject seemed a pleasant and harmless diversion but, oh, so useless in the early 1900s. Then suddenly came World War I, a change in methods of warfare, and the urgent need once again for armor. Professor Bashford Dean was called from his laboratories and his museum halls by the Ordnance Department of the Army to design helmets for our soldiers in trench warfare.

To me any addition to man's knowledge of truth, either positive or negative, seems to make a piece of research thoroughly worthwhile. But apart from that it may ultimately, like Pasteur's work and Professor Bashford Dean's, prove of great practical usefulness. We simply cannot tell. We must be very careful not to let public-

(*Continued on page* 36)

WHEN SOCIETY WENT WRONG

Dean Gildersleeve writes: "A majority vote [cannot] settle the truth of a theory or proposition." No society, of course, ever recognizes or encourages its men of genius as spontaneously as it should. But certainly it's the American ideal to try, and not—as in the six cases sketched here—to impoverish ourselves and the world by placing senseless obstacles in their paths.

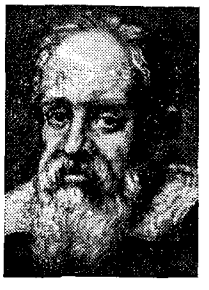
STARVATION: Although he was recognized by contemporary musicians as possessing the most profound genius, once the prodigy days were over Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791) bogged down in a large family, the indifference of patrons, and an insoluble financial morass. His perfect music was popular with the people, but no one cared enough to pay him a living wage for it. He had been underfed, underpaid, and overworked for years when—in the middle of composing the incomparable "Requiem"—he caught the typhoid that killed him.

FACTION: At a time when Catholic France was bitterly split between the Jansenist and Jesuit factions, the precocious mathematician Blaise Pascal (1623-1662) underwent a strenuous personal conversion and retreated into the Jansenist stronghold at Port Royal. Immediately he involved himself in the defense of Jansenism with the "Provincial Letters," whose authorship was a guarded secret. Soon he had ceased scientific work altogether. His last work, the famous "Pensees," remained unpublished until eight years after his death.

CRIME: While studying in Paris the brilliant, acid, miserably poor youth François Villon (born 1431) accidentally steered into a street fight which resulted in another student's death. He fled Paris under banishment, but was pardoned the next year. At once he was embroiled again; this time he was so badly beaten that he left the city for shame. While in the provinces he was exposed as a thief and took to the road forever—wandering in and out of prisons, tortures, and pardons again and again until—in 1463—he disappeared from history.

EXILE: Dante Alighieri (1265-1321) made the mistake of composing a masterpiece only after taking a disastrous part in hometown politics. As an official of his native city, Dante voted to expel from Florence the heads of two parties which had been disturbing the peace. But soon one of them had returned to power, and then the other; by this time Dante had been railroaded on a corruption charge and exiled. Leaving his family behind, he spent the rest of his life with patrons, longing proudly to return, and writing his immortal poem.

OBLIVION: The Greek Democritus (born about 460 B. C.) conceived—without any real "scientific" evidence—that matter consists of indivisible, homogeneous corpuscles called atoms, whose arrangements and motions account for our perceptions of things. Anticipating both the Atomic Theory of modern physics and the empirical philosophers, his ideas were too much for the ancient and medieval worlds, and—except for a few pupils—his work was peacefully ignored for 2,000 years, until new understanding corroborated its astonishing insight.



SUPPRESSION: Long after Copernicus's death, when Galileo himself was fifty, this great Italian scientist (1564-1642) was fatuously ordered by the Holy Office to cease to "hold, teach, or defend" the Polish astronomer's theories. Galileo promised to obey, but—after a near-silence of sixteen years—published his famous "Dialogo," into which the forbidden ideas had crept again. Despite his great age the Inquisition ordered him to Rome, where he was examined and mildly punished. The last eight years of his life were spent in the strictest seclusion.

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SR's *Book of the Week:*

"SON OF DUST"

Author: H. F. M. Prescott

By THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB

A LITTLE more than four years ago readers in this country suddenly became aware of a new star shining brightly in the crowded galaxy of postwar writers who were using the historical novel as a means of bringing the past to life and carrying us back to some of its more vivid days.

Hilda Prescott was by no means the first author—and certainly not the first Englishwoman—to demonstrate that you could write of days gone by with all the realism and pity that you would make use of in writing of the present. I think of Hebe Weenolsen with her "The Last Englishman" and Edith Simons with her "The Golden Hand." There are, of course, a number of others.

But when Miss Prescott laid before us "The Man on a Donkey" these immediately fell behind. With its tenseness, its deep insight, and its slow and somber drama; with its long cast of real, half-real, and wholly invented characters this always magnificent but sometimes savage cyclorama of the tragic Roman Catholic counter-revolution in the reign of Henry VIII went to the head of the class. Its impact was all the greater since this was the first time many of us had heard of Miss Prescott.

Oddly enough, however, this was not her first book, nor was she without previous recognition in her own country. At least the prize awarders had a nod for her. And as, one by one, her earlier writings have been published for the first time in this country it has become easy for us to see why. Her "Mary Tudor"—originally it was "Spanish Tudor"—was awarded the James Tait Black prize when it was published in 1941. Fifteen years later it still impresses as a penetrating, if not exactly unbiased, biography of good Queen Bess's neurotic elder sister. Her "The Unhurrying Quest," laid in the days when Richard Coeur de Lion was still only the Count of Poitou, demonstrates that you can write a morality without avoiding the ugliness and cruelty of medieval life. It was deeply religious but also true to life.

Now in another novel published in this country for the first time, "Son of Dust" (Macmillan, $3.75), a story set in Normandy when Guillelm—later William the Conqueror—was Duke, she just misses real greatness. I mean this very literally. When I was two-thirds through this profound, yet fast moving novel I could not help comparing its basic story to that of Tristan and Isolde and of Lancelot and Guinevere. Nor did it suffer in the comparison. Here was a new medieval legend to place beside these two older ones.

But Miss Prescott unfortunately was not quite able to carry it off. She had to have a "happy ending." If she had played out to the last compassionate word her tragedy of bafflement and frustration we would have added something to our permanent treasury. Now she has merely written something good.

It is good indeed, this tale of two truly star-crossed lovers. They are Fulcun Geroy, a bastard of the Geroy family, and Alde, wife of one Mauger of Fervacques to whom she had been given after she had been in Normandy for a year after coming there from Flanders with the Duchess Mahald. Without benefit of any philter, they fall in love at first sight, and it is a deep-moving and shaking affection in which the senses have but small part. "I would not have you other!" Alde says shortly after she first meets Fulcun.

BUT this love is incompatible with the dictates of Fulcun's conscience and later of her conscience, and always to the morality of the age and to Fulcun's passionate desire not to offend God. They elope once, thinking Fulcun has slain Mauger, later separate, and then when Arne is finally free she will not come to him because she too has once wished Mauger dead.

This, incidentally, is where and how the story should have ended, but Miss Prescott chose to continue it. It is, of course, her privilege. But she did not so compromise with the implacable when she wrote the great novel that gained for her her reputation, and I do not think that she would do so if she were writing "Son of Dust" today.

—Ramsey & Muspratt.

THE AUTHOR: Behind the diffident festoon of initials in H. F. M. Prescott's name there lives a slim, green-eyed lady whose face and coiffure suggest a medieval page-boy or a saint in a stained-glass window. This is fitting, for Miss Prescott has given her adult life to the recapture of the facts and atmosphere of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance.

Born Hilda Frances Margaret Prescott in 1896, in Latchford, Cheshire, she was brought up in the scholarly environment of her father's parsonage, and later took her B.A. at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford. She seemed happily settled for a time in a life of teaching and scholarship at Manchester University and Oxford, both of which gave here the M.A. But in 1923 her historical imagination overflowed into a desire to share her scholar's concrete knowledge of the past with the general reader. She gave up teaching except for occasional posts as a lecturer, and produced six books over the next twenty years, including a mystery "Dead But Not Buried," and a prize-winning biography of Mary Tudor, in which that complex queen was brought to life against the rich, tapestried background that has become Miss Prescott's trademark. A specialist now in the years in which the Middle Ages shade into the Renaissance in England, Miss Prescott spent seven years on a novel about the period when Henry VIII was busily smashing the monasteries and grabbing their estate. Called "The Man on a Donkey," it depicted the machinations of both sides during the rebellion led by Robert Aske and known as "The Pilgrimage of Grace." Winning prizes both here and in England, "The Man on a Donkey" firmly established the author as a writer of historical novels in which loving attention to detail and the breath of genuine life are paramount.

Miss Prescott served in the Red Cross during the war, and from 1943 to 1948 was vice principal of St. Mary's College, in Durham. She now lives alone in an eighteenth-century cottage near Oxford with one of those inexplicable English addresses: "Little Egypt, Charlbury, Oxon."

—THOMAS E. COONEY.

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—Bill Brandt.

Eva Boros—". . . cool, enthralling."

Hospital Affair

"The Mermaids," by Eva Boros *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 216 pp. $3.50), is concerned with the emotional involvement of a Hungarian businessman with a Jean Harlow blonde in a Budapest sanatorium.*

By Ben Ray Redman

"HE MET her on the Danube Corso on the 19th of August, 1936." With this simple declarative sentence we are introduced to the small world of Eva Boros's first novel "The Mermaids," a world in which commonplace reality and exotic charm, humor and pathos, vital gaiety and mortal illness are remarkably commingled. The man of this opening sentence is a Hungarian businessman, aged thirty-six, named Aladar Brankovich; the girl, Lalla Pirola, an Italian, "a Jean Harlow blonde in a shockingly green dress," is at first sight a rather ordinary young woman, but there is, too, a hint of mystery about her. The story that Miss Boros has to tell traces the course of Aladar's emotional involvement with Lalla, and at the same time gradually reveals the character, molded by illness, of which her beauty is the mask.

The scene is Budapest and its environs, the center of the action being the sanatorium in which Lalla is a tubercular patient. With extraordinary skill and the most sparing use of detail Miss Boros evokes the life that goes on within the hospital walls. Her depiction of this life does not challenge comparison with the picture painted by Mann in "The Magic Mountain," but it does suggest a comparison. Mann, working in a tradition common to German, English, and Russian novelists, achieved power by a massive accumulation of details. Miss Boros, a Hungarian writing in English with almost incredible mastery, is a follower of the French tradition of concision—a tradition abandoned in recent years by an increasing number of French novelists, but precociously embraced by Mlle. Sagan—a tradition whose technique was once described by Lytton Strachey as "the method of selection, of omission, of unification, with the object of creating [an] impression of supreme reality."

Miss Boros does actually create this kind of impression, in a novel that has taken nothing from stock, neither characters nor situations nor dialogue. The sense of freshness that it exhales, despite the sanatorium atmosphere, should prove a tonic for jaded readers of fiction in which so much material is so often sadly shopworn, so much action so often readily predictable. There is nothing commonplace in the relationship of Aladar and Lalla. The story of their relationship is told with subtlety and delicate accents—the story of his attempt to become part of a world in which he can be only an "eternal visitor," to penetrate a confraternity from which he is forever barred by his own good health; the story of his attempt to make Lalla into something other than the creature her sickness made her.

"The Mermaids" is a cool book in which no passions rage. But beneath its lucent surfaces there are depths rich in psychological insights; and it proves, once more, that a novel need not be charged with passion in order to be enthralling.

—Victoria Lidov.

Saul Bellow—". . . interesting, provocative."

Uptown Dilemmas

"Seize the Day," by Saul Bellow *(Viking. 211 pp. $3), contains a novella and three short stories by the author of "The Adventures of Augie March."*

By Hollis Alpert

SAUL BELLOW'S "Seize the Day"—his first work of fiction since "The Adventures of Augie March"—is not exactly a novel, and not exactly a short story, falling somewhere in that hazy realm between the two forms. It is long enough, and interesting enough, to have been worth publishing between its own hard covers, but the publisher, or perhaps Mr. Bellow, has seen fit to offer three short stories and a one-act play as part of the package. It is "Seize the Day" that makes the most sizable contribution to what is fast becoming a distinctive body of work, and to his reputation. And, like much of Mr. Bellow's previous work, it is brilliantly funny, at times profound, occasionally exasperating.

Somewhere on Upper Broadway, in Manhattan, a middle-aged hotel dweller, Tommy Wilhelm by name, goes through the most agonizing day of his life, as the edifice of it slowly crumbles and finally leaves himself bare—to himself. What makes it funny is that Tommy is a kind of a slob of a character, a big handsome man gone to seed, once a movie extra, later a salesman, now unemployed, divorced, hanging on to his pride, to an aged father who has no use for his son, and to a charlatan psychiatrist who gets him to invest his last $700 in the commodities market. Tommy is a fool—or is he? The fact that he is also bleedingly human gives him dignity, and sadness. And if every last vestige of his worldly pride is taken from him, he manages to achieve a catharsis, at the funeral of a stranger.

With almost Gogol-like detail, Mr. Bellow describes his environment, and the people in Tommy's life. There is his father, a retired doctor, who can't stand his seemingly foolish failure of a son. There is the extraordinary Doctor Tamkin, who psychiatrizes at the drop of a hat, tells unbearable stories about the private lives of his "patients," has a philosophy made up of oddments of truth and fantasy, unable himself to distinguish between the two. Mr. Bellow can catch, with depressing accuracy, the look and feel of that part of New York—down to the last speck of dirt on a windowpane, to the bus-fume-filled haze of

(*Continued on page* 34)

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GREAT BRITAIN

The Era That Lived—and Died—Opulent

By ANNE FREMANTLE

AS THE human eye cannot rightly focus on what is too near, so too the historical perception of each generation fails to register, or even to see, correctly the immediate past. But once the half-century mark has been left behind the perspective is adjusted, sight restored, and interest revived. We have all suffered overlong from the craze for Victoria and all Victorian works and ways—a craze which began with the publication of Lytton Strachey's sweet-and-sour biography and Laurence Binyon's cute playlets. Our insecure generation has draped itself in fringes and furbelows, has steadied its wobbly, morning-after-two-world-wars-head-on antimacassars galore, and has revived *ad nauseam* oil-lamps and mounting-blocks, maidenhair ferns and monkey-puzzle trees, and the whole horrid nicknackiness of fretwork, cuckoo clocks, and hair-pictures. With the success of "My Fair Lady" and now the arrival of **"Gay Monarch"** (Harper, $5), Virginia Cowles's amusing, well-documented and rollicking "life and times" of Edward VII to the booklists, we may devoutly hope that the Edwardian craze will overtake the Victorian in the field of style and fashion as at long last the aging but irrepressible Prince of Wales succeeded the stodgy "Widder."

For the Edwardian Age has much to offer. It was gay and gallant, and as nearly cosmopolitan as England has ever been since Calais was lost and the medieval one world broke into the pieces called nations. King Edward VII spent almost four months of every year abroad, and spoke fluent French and German—so fluently, indeed, did he speak the latter that he spoke English with a German accent to the end of his days, which is hardly to be wondered at in view of the fact that he was more than 80 per cent German by blood, and that Baron Stockmar had watched over his infant years. Yet the English people approved. For, as Miss Cowles shows, they rightly attributed the *entente cordiale* with France, which succeeded centuries of mistrust and war, entirely to the King, and never has any monarch worked so harmoniously with his Foreign Office. He was pretty shrewd also about the Navy, and his resolute championing of Admiral Fisher did much to protect England when Germany struck in 1914. The King, although he was not allowed access to the red boxes of secret State papers by his mother until he was older than his father had ever lived to be, had a real flair for diplomacy, and a real knack of choosing good men for key jobs.

Miss Cowles tells us a few times too often that King Edward VII was related to all the crowned heads in Europe, but she brilliantly analyzes the uses he made of this *cousinage*. She well describes the ferociously rude, and (in our modern parlance) neurotically complex Kaiser, devoted to his grandmother but adept at insulting even her, who was forever assuaging his inferiorities towards England and his popular rakish first cousin Edward by overcompensatory bad manners and sabre-rattling that, alas, ended in the mowing down of over a million lives by sabre-teeth in World War I.

MISS COWLES is at her best describing the royal visits—and what an age for visiting it was. She tells of Edward VII's visits to Berlin from the first, when as Prince of Wales he was sent with his curmudgeon tutor, Colonel Bruce to visit his sister Vicky, who had married the German Emperor's son, and Edward and Vicky's father, the Prince Consort, bade her read aloud improving books to her seventeen-year-old brother; to the last in 1909 when the royal route was lined by 20,000 troops, and the Kaiser chose "Sardanapalus" for the gala night at the opera, and "the Germans organized the spectacle realistically. The whole stage was a glowing furnace framed by billowing clouds of smoke. The King suddenly woke up and thought the theatre was on fire. In a startled voice he asked where the firemen were. This caused the Kaiser intense merriment but, as a member of the British suite afterwards remarked dryly, "a general conflagration was just the sort of thing one might expect the German emperor to produce."

The visit to Russia was "the oddest

—From "Gay Monarch."

The Prince of Wales (third from left) and other guests at a house party—". . . aging but irrepressible."

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State visit King Edward ever paid," for the revolutionary situation inside Russia was too dangerous for the monarchs to meet on *terra firma*, so they met on their yachts at Reval. Even the female choral singers who came alongside in a steamer had been subjected to the strictest security measure: all the ladies had been stripped and searched before they had been allowed to board their steamer!

Other visits were more fun. When the King's yacht arrived off Lisbon the King of Portugal came out to greet him in a centuries-old gold barge rowed by eighty men in red. At Rome the King of Italy and his two sons waited at the station for the royal train with a glittering guard of honor. Everywhere cannons saluted, flags fluttered, ladies curtsied to the ground. When the King left Malta for Naples "he told Sir Frederick Ponsonby to wire ahead and say he would be arriving incognito," which Sir Frederick wrote "seemed rather absurd, as no other human being in the world could come with eight battleships, four cruisers, four destroyers, and a dispatch vessel."

Still more fun were the private visits. There were visits to Paris at least twice a year in search of the pleasures popularly associated with France, which only the Sûreté interrupted. The King dodged the French police whenever he could, but once an assignation was actually spoiled for the King by the appearance of a detective. The visits to Marienbad, whose surroundings were so conveniently wooded; to Biarritz, where the King made up for the greater formality in bringing his mistress-*en-titre*, Mrs. Keppel, with him; the visits—at least a dozen a year—to private friends: the Devonshires at Chatsworth, the Sassoons at Brighton, Lord Roseberry at Mentmore, Lord Crewe, Ernest Cassel. . . .

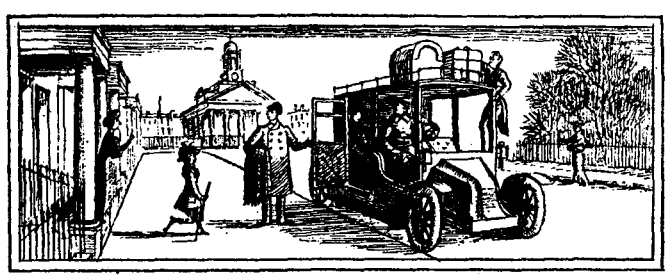
Those country-house visits—which lasted often for a full week—have been fictionalized in Elinor Glyn's "Visits of Elizabeth" and E. F. Benson's "Lucia" books. But truth was far faster than fiction. Hostesses had to plan their bedroom arrangements at least as carefully as their dinner seating, and Miss Cowles has many good stories of the King's pursuit and enjoyment of the fairest in his realm.

SINCE the King was the arbiter of fashion, where he led all followed. Infidelity was high fashion, and when the King himself, both before and after his accession, was named in divorce suits and mentioned in gaming-table scandals little wonder his subjects outdid themselves in their imitations. "Edwardian society," writes Virginia Cowles, "modeled itself to suit the King's personal demands. Everything was larger than life-size." It was a "vibrant and adventurous age."

The first part of Miss Cowles's book contrasts Victoria and her son, and the dichotomy in English society which resulted from their estrangement. After the Queen's death only a small section of the country—the squirearchy, the Church circles, and the intelligentsia—were disgruntled and "out of the swime." The squirearchy because society had become too expensive for any but the very rich to enjoy; the Church because of the King's flagrant disregard for what England has always considered the only morality—the sexual; the intelligentsia because the King had a real horror of eggheadedness even in its mildest form. Margo Tennant (Lady Oxford), though the King gave her a diamond cigarette case after their first meeting, was dropped as too highbrow; poets, painters, the literate of all classes were *never* asked to Court. And the boredom of the great country-house parties at which the King was present was only matched by their splendor: endless practical jokes were played, a good deal of bridge, plenty of shooting—11,000 pheasants was considered an average weekend bag; enormous amounts of food were consumed—nine and ten courses for lunch and dinner, five at breakfast, and snacks of lobster salad and cold chicken for elevenses, and every sort of crumpet, tart, roll, and cake for tea. And that was it, as far as amusements were concerned.

Nevertheless, Miss Cowles insists the "lower classes" adored the King. When he won the Derby—the first King in English history to do so—never was such a scene on Epsom Downs. The crowds went mad with joy. The King followed the tradition of going down to meet his horse. Instantly the police and ropes were swept aside, and he was in the middle of a mass of swaying humanity, patting him, calling to him, seizing his hands, and crying "Good Old Teddy." "'Make way for the King,' he said evenly in his guttural voice, as he moved forward one step at a time within the enclosure."

Yet, as Sir Lawrence Jones brings out in **"An Edwardian Youth"** (St. Martin's Press, $4.50), although "for a young man of my background in opportunities the Edwardian age" was an enviable one "we were, in fact, a privileged few. We had no personal experience of the deprivations of poverty or the handicap of ignorance. We had no contacts with the working population on whose



EDWARDIAN HOLIDAY: Mary Clive is a grown-up lady now (indeed she is entitled to write Lady with a capital L before her name), but when she was a little girl, 'way back in the days of Edward VII, she had some delightful experiences which serve as the inspiration for a delightful little work of fiction entitled **"Christmas With the Savages"** (St. Martin's Press, $3). In it a small only child named Evelyn goes to spend the Christmas holidays at a big country house whose mistress has three sets of grandchildren in residence. Her account of her encounters with this bustle of aunts, uncles, Nanas, nursery maids, and other children, which ends up with her being courtmartialed and reprieved only in the nick of time, makes pleasantly seasonable reading for all who cherish memories of more spacious and leisurely times. Philip Gough has decorated the text appropriately, for samples of which see above and below. —BRENDA KING.

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backs we lived so agreeably. Such friendships as we made with the underprivileged were with gardeners and gamekeepers, stalkers and ghillies. Those contented countrymen who shared our pursuits were themselves among the more fortunate. We could learn nothing from them of the lives of the industrial workers, nothing of the deadening monotony that suffocated the underlings in shops and offices."

In the decade that followed King Edward's death half the thrones in Europe were overthrown. Miss Cowles describes Lady Warwick, herself a royal favorite and a great beauty, being converted to Socialism by one conversation with a Labour leader and Arthur Ponsonby, one of Britain's greatest Labour politicians who was brother to Sir Frederick, the closest man to the King and "born in the purple."

Perhaps the fact that the King showed himself so much and so often, was physically visible and near to his people, was—and is—one of the main reasons why the Royalty survived then and still survives in England as nowhere else. To enjoy a spectacle, even vicariously, is still real enjoyment, and, as in this country no one repines at the scale of Hollywood living or would deny stars and starlets their glamor and glitter, so the poorest in England coo "Ain't she pretty" as royalty passes—even though it is expensive. "Parliament had voted the King an annual income of 450,000 pounds . . . he also had an annual income of 60,000 pounds from the Duchy of Lancaster. And this total of half a million pounds a year (free of income tax) did not include the Queen's grant of 60,000 pounds." And "even so, it was not enough." Which explains the King's recourse to Ernest Cassel.

On a Northamptonshire tomb are the sole words "Died Opulent," and these might well serve as epitaph for the Edwardian decade. Certainly in these pinch-pursed days it is lovely to look back upon, and nothing could give a more evocative introduction than Miss Cowles's ably documented, funny, and serious book—serious, because she sees the shadows and summarizes the coming events which cast them, and has provided not only witty social history but wise political analysis. Beside her re-creation poor Sir Laurence Jones's anecdotage is unrewarding fare indeed, a litany of private jokes about people whose nicknames, like their names, are deservedly forgotten. Here is another example of the fact that it is not physical participation but imaginative understanding of events that produces good history.

An Empire Expands

"The New World," by Winston S. Churchill *(Dodd, Mead. 433 pp. $6), the second volume of "A History of the English-Speaking Peoples," carries the story from the accession of the Tudors to the Revolution of 1688. Professor William B. Willcox of the University of Michigan reviews it here.*

By William B. Willcox

THE second volume of Sir Winston Churchill's "History of the English-Speaking Peoples," which he calls "The New World," bears out the promise of the first. His prose moves at the same high level; it never reaches the peaks of which he has shown himself capable when deeply moved by contemporary history, but it never sinks to the pedestrian. One of its strongest points, as always, is his use of metaphor. Only on rare occasions does he lose control over these insubordinate figures of speech ("the pathway of debate was broken, and war alone could promise further stepping stones"); for the most part they are the salt of his style, as in the comment that Charles II "walked by the easy path of indifference to the uplands of toleration." It is the style of one who loves writing and has, as he says of the authors of the Marprelate tracts, "a robust and relishing consciousness of the possibilities of English prose."

The present volume has two themes. The first is the expansion of England's energies and power from the accession of the Tudors to the Glorious Revolution: the tightening connection between England and Ireland and, more important, between England and Scotland; the Tudor discovery of the seas and the subsequent rise of the navy; the start of American colonization; the emergence of France as England's future rival for empire. The second theme is the development of the constitution: the rise of strong monarchy under the Tudors and its disintegration in the hands of the early Stuarts; the Cromwellian interlude; the triumph of the new Restoration oligarchy over the royal prerogative. Sir Winston handles these two complex and interacting themes with great skill, and weaves them together into an impressive unity.

—*Karsh.*

Winston Churchill—". . . high level prose."

The historian's art, however, demands not only unity but empathy—an entering into the minds and hearts of people long dead. Here Churchill is sometimes at his strongest, sometimes at his weakest. He portrays the great secular politicians—Henry VIII, Thomas Cromwell, Elizabeth, Charles II—vividly and convincingly. He only mentions such great religious figures as More, Cranmer, and Laud, and never brings them alive; he describes Oliver Cromwell in sonorous contradictions, which give the reader only disjointed fragments of a personality that was in fact many-sided but whole. Sir Winston's empathy does not extend, it seems, to the strange and often terrible workings of Christian faith.

THIS impression is borne out by his neglect of the Church as an evolving institution. What was the doctrinal settlement that Henry and Cranmer fashioned after the breach from Rome, how was it changed in Edward's reign, and what kind of Church was reconstructed by Elizabeth and her theological politicians? Because these basic questions are neglected, the stresses and strains to which the establishment was subsequently exposed, when Puritans pulled in one direction and Laudians in another, have the unreality of a dream. But it was no dream that brought Charles

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I and his archbishop to the block.

Churchill focuses on Charles. By making him the protagonist of the old order he inflates that stubborn little man into the legendary martyr, playing "the truly magnificent and indisputable role of the champion of English . . . rights and liberties." He overlooks the archbishop, except to stigmatize him as the King's evil genius. Yet Laud, it may be argued, had a much keener sense than his master of the enduring values in the Catholic tradition. He fought for what he understood, as did the Puritans who destroyed him; he and they had one common conviction—that the issue at stake was transcendently important. Churchill does not really feel its importance. Even his imagination is limited, and the limitation impairs his understanding of the period.

As soon as his story moves away from the embattled Saints into the quite different world of the Restoration he seems to become more comfortable and his hold on the narrative more confident. This was the age in which the House of Churchill began its rise. It was also the prelude to the eighteenth century, that imperial apogee that is, one suspects, the most congenial to Sir Winston of any in English history. His enthusiasm mounts as the narrative progresses to the climax of William's landing and James's flight. There he leaves us, at the opening of Glorious Revolution and also, in many respects, of the eighteenth century as well. The next volume may well prove to be the most fascinating of the four.

—*Rembrandt.*

Fred Allen—". . . penetrating good humor."

STAGE PEOPLE

A Juggler's Progress

***"Much Ado About Me," by Fred Allen** (Little, Brown. 380 pp. $5), carries the distinguished comedian's life story from his start as an entertaining Boston library stack-boy to success on the Broadway musical-comedy stage.*

By Martin Levin

IN 1912 or thereabouts a stripling named John Florence Sullivan was working as a stack boy in the Boston Public Library and practising a bit of juggling to break the monotony. Why Sullivan took up juggling as a hobby, he admits, is anybody's guess. But when he did his routine for a library employees' show he heard an anonymous girl in the crowd say: "You're crazy to keep working here at the library. You ought to go on the stage"—a random but perspicacious remark which "did something to his subconscious" and launched him on a series of metamorphoses from John Sullivan to Paul Huckle, European Entertainer; to Freddy James, The World's Worst Juggler; to Fred Allen, one of the best, brightest, and most original humorists of our day.

The story of these transitions is the stuff of "Much Ado About Me," Fred Allen's second volume of autobiography. In "Treadmill to Oblivion" Allen had recounted some of the history of his days at the pinnacle of his commercial success in radio. This book details the earlier years, in vaudeville and in the Shubert and Hammerstein revues of the Twenties. In an epilogue Edwin O'Connor, Allen's confidant, notes that the unifying principle of this enchanting memoir is "the unity of great affection." Radio, with all its rewards, was just a business for Allen; it was a business at which he enjoyed tremendous success, but its atmosphere was exacting and joyless. Live show business was fun, and Allen relished it hugely. This zest is evident in every sprightly page of "Much Ado About Me."

After the triumph at the library employees' show, Allen, fortified with some homemade patter, exposed his act to the hazards of a local amateur night. For this excursion into semi-professionalism he was paid one dollar. "The single dollar bill," writes Allen, "finished my interest in the library," and he was encouraged to leave the stacks and try the boards. In the early years of the century vaudeville was a kaleidoscopic world of bookers, agents, theatres, theatrical boarding houses, and a wealth of theatrical lore that died with the advent of the motion-picture palace. The zenith of this world was the Palace in New York; the nadir was the kind of theatre "so far in the backwoods the manager is a bear." In between was a gamut of vaudeville houses and circuits catering to all conceivable classes of audience. Allen played them all, learning his craft and sharpening his wit in such centers of culture as Toowoomba, Australia, and Granite City, Ill. The vaudeville circuits straddled the country from the Keeney Theatre in Brooklyn to the Golden Gate Theatre in San Francisco, and to ply his trade the vaudeville actor developed into a nomad "part gypsy and part suitcase," deft at feeding his young on a sleeper jump, expert at converting a bureau drawer into a bathinette, and handy at making a theatrical trunk provide the amenities of life.

FROM the small-time theatres around Boston's Scollay Square (about which there is a delightful chapter) to the vaudeville big-time, represented by the class A theatres of the Keith circuit, it was a long, hard climb studded with heartbreaking disappointments, layoffs, and a plentiful diet of actors' caviar, namely beans.

During his progress toward "the cheese in the Rat Race of Life" Allen was "discovered" many times, only to slip back again a few paces on the treadmill. He finally negotiated the transition from vaudeville to legitimate theatre in the "Passing Show of 1922," a Shubert turkey which proved a bonanza for Fred; it brought him great personal notices and Portland Hoffa, who happened to be a member of the chorus.

As set down in "Much Ado About Me," Allen's odyssey is a richly rewarding itinerary, nostalgic but entirely devoid of show-business hokum, and steeped in the penetrating good humor that was its author's unique property.

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Elegy for the World's Greatest Show

"Center Ring," by Robert Lewis Taylor *(Doubleday. 250 pp. $3.50), is a history of the Ringling Brothers Circus and its people. Our reviewer, Thomas W. Duncan, is the author of "Gus the Great," a novel of circus life.*

By Thomas W. Duncan

TOO often our circus writers have been so overwhelmed by the wonder of it all that their prose has taken on the purple hysteria of a sideshow barker's spiel. Not so with Robert Lewis Taylor. His "Center Ring" is a highly civilized book. But not too highly civilized. It is not precious. There are breathtaking moments and there are good belly laughs.

As everybody knows, the great Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus went back to its barns last July, not again to play under canvas. Henceforth it will show indoors. This book, then, is published at an appropriate time; it is a merry elegy for the Greatest Show on Earth as we have known it in our era. And it is elegiac also for the vanished decades before the medicine shows and pitchmen moved from the street corners into TV studios.

Mr. Taylor begins his "genial chore of playing historian to the circus" with a vastly entertaining account of circus day in Carbondale, Ill., his home town. In reanimating that gala occasion, when he and his pals marched alongside the parading bandwagon and discomfited the horn blowers by sucking lemons, and thus caused the greatest musical riot since Wagner was first performed, Mr. Taylor, one suspects, has permitted apocrypha to tint historical truth. But no matter. Fiction and non-fiction have been drawing closer together of late, sometimes even trading places, always to the advantage of non-fiction, and whether Merle Evans actually hurled his cornet and struck Dan Foley is an event whose accuracy must be decided by more captious historians than I. The incident, as well as all the others from Mr. Taylor's boyhood, is recited with that eclat without which autobiography is often dull, and I am sure it is faithful to historical truth if not to historical fact.

The rest of this book maintains the high spirits to be found in the opening. The Ringling family, whom I should call fabulous if the word had not dwelt so long in the marble halls of Madison Avenue, is given its just due as not without influence on the American circus, particular attention being devoted to John Ringling North, who faithfully upholds the fine old tradition that circus owners should be brushed with flamboyance. (Mr. Taylor calls it hoopla.) We meet Merle Evans, the greatest circus bandmaster, both in his pre-cornet and post-cornet throwing days; his story is the distilled essence of show biz in the first fifty years of this century. Likewise the story of Pat Valdo, personnel director for the Ringlings; both Evans and Valdo wearied of the academy at a tender age, and left home to follow the will-o'-the-wisping banjo-flares.

BUT it is in dealing with Roland Butler, circus publicity director, that Mr. Taylor leads us to a high place and introduces us to Olympian gods of comedy. Butler's exploits, which certainly must have pioneered the way for less intrepid souls in a great modern craft, are told with a gusto reminiscent of the best in Mark Twain and Gene Fowler. I laughed out loud over this chapter; and when a writer, using little black marks on white paper, can make me laugh out loud I consider him a fellow of parts.

In the chapters about Lillian Leitzel and Alfredo Codona, and about Arthur and Antoinette Concello, we are taken again to high places; to the tent top, in fact. Comedy remains, but it grows sad in the tale of the lovely Lillian, and it turns to vertiginous beauty in the descriptions of the daring young men—and women—on the flying trapeze. In these passages Mr. Taylor writes with an immediacy which is perilously and delightfully close to magic.

A critic, so I'm told, must find fault with a book if he expects to retain his union card. After diligent soul-searching and even a visit to my psychiatrist, I have at last found something derogatory to report. These papers were first published in *The New Yorker*, and in transferring them to their long home between covers Mr. Taylor has been guilty of permitting certain repetitions, necessary in serialization, to remain. I hereby slap his wrist.

A Revolution in Grandmothers

By R. P. Lister

MY GRANDMOTHER, when she was thirty-six,
Put on a white lace cap (the widow's mark),
Black bombazine, and all the bag of tricks,
Lived behind curtains in the cloistered dark,
And cast all mirth and music from her door.
And so she lived, and died at eighty-four.

Not like a current grandmother I wot of,
A lady on the verge of fifty-three,
Who dances, goes to parties, drinks a lot of
Whatever stuff she drinks; a divorcee
Who is, to put it mildly, in the swim,
And makes her daughters look a trifle dim.

The change in grandmothers is quite fantastic.
Does all this come from voting in elections,
The banishment of whalebone by elastic,
The routing of the globes by conic sections,
The crumbling moral outlook of society,
Or merely a decline in strict sobriety?

One thing's quite certain: this side of the Bosporus
The trade in white lace caps is less than prosperous.

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AMERICAN PORTRAITS

Father of the Tin Lizzie

"My Forty Years with Ford," by Charles E. Sorensen, with Samuel T. Williamson *(Norton. 345 pp. $5), is the autobiography of one of Henry's chief lieutenants. Our reviewer, William C. Richards, is the Detroit newspaperman who wrote "The Last Billionaire," a study of Ford.*

By William C. Richards

A CELEBRATED bicycle racer of the day brought a "lean, sandy-haired stranger" into a Detroit pattern shop in 1902 to meet a friend the scorcher had known in Buffalo.

"Charlie," he said, after the usual how're things, "meet Henry Ford. I'm interested in a gas engine he's building and we're going to put into a racing car and he wants to see some of his ideas in pattern form."

Charles E. Sorensen went to work for Ford three years later, translated many of his most nebulous ideas into concrete form, grew in stature as Ford grew, became in time boss of the fabulous Rouge Plant, designed in a hotel bedroom in California in one night the wartime, mile-long Willow Run bomber plant of World War II, was knighted in several magazine articles as a genius—maybe to some private glowering by Mr. Ford, to whom there was only one simon-pure hero, and left the company in 1944 amid many guesses as to why.

Now, one of the last men of power in these gone days, he writes in "My Forty Years with Ford" of the long ride he had under the Ford egis; of many private conversations with the senior Ford; of his personal contributions; of comedies and tragedies, miracles and calamities backstage; of the senior Ford's thwarted efforts, often savage, to make his son a copy of himself; the row of the Twenties with banks; the elder Ford's genius, his stumbles, his mercurial moods, and some of the spurious claims made in his behalf.

For instance, of the assembly line Sorensen writes: "Mr. Ford had nothing to do with originating, planning, and carrying out the assembly line. He had no ideas on mass production. He wanted to build a lot of autos, but like everyone else he didn't know how, although he was glorified later as the originator of mass production. He just grew into it like the rest of us." Mr. Sorensen says he himself installed the first conveyor system to get the various parts to car assembly.

While Mr. Sorensen dismisses Mr. Ford's claim that he got the conveyor assembly idea in a packing house watching hogs and steers triced by hind legs on an overhead conveyor and disassembled as "rationalization long after the event" he gives whole credit to Ford for fathering the historic $5 minimum daily wage in an era when most employers were paying $2. This clashes with many well-supported stories that the proposal originated with James Couzens, Ford's top lieutenant.

Sorensen's account runs: "The year 1913 brought a $28 million surplus and dividends of millions. Mr. Ford said he wanted new wage scales tied more into profits. One day he said, 'Charlie, get the figures you prepared on volume and costs.' He had a blackboard in his office. On it I chalked the figures for overhead, material, and labor, based on expanding production and lowered car prices. As expected, production rose, costs fell, up went profits. Then he had me transfer figures from profits column to labor costs. He kept telling me to put more figures down—$3.50, $3.75, a quarter more, another quarter. At the end of four hours, despite sarcastic remarks by others present, Mr. Ford said, 'Stop it, Charles, it's all settled, five dollars a day minimum pay and at once.' I was astonished that when Couzens was told he was in full accord."

The one catch in this is that Couzens was a wizard with figures and Mr. Ford had little interest in finances. It is hard to imagine Couzens sidelined at a crucial time such as this, and merely told of a *fait accompli* affecting company profits.

IT IS a strange story of internecine battling, of Mr. Ford's fury with Franklin Roosevelt and the spawning Federal agencies of the Depression years, of his endless efforts to keep the public image of himself unspotted, of his love of the startling statement so long as it was headline material, of absurd remarks he made when often he didn't know what he was talking about but surrendered to the human habit of "popping off." The difficulty was that the average private citizen indulging in this practice may be just dismissed as a blabbermouth. If Mr. Ford said he liked pork chops he was quoted worldwide, and pork might even rise on the livestock markets, particularly if he also recommended it for glamor or muscle-building, which he might do.

It was a well-kept secret that the senior Ford had his first stroke in the late Thirties. Tragedy gathered thereafter as his health gave way. For the first time the breakdown is traced here, along with the grave problems it presented in World War II days as he became ever more confused.

Sorensen was a blunt fellow. In Russia in 1928 to plan Ford production there—Ford transactions with

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"We thank the Lord for all our blessings and for the marksmanship of our huntsmen—all but one."

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that country between 1929 and 1936 are given as more than $40 million—he says he found the Russian often evasive and unreliable in many things but scrupulous in financial dealings.

What surprised him most was that in walks through Russian plants he was constantly being hailed with "Charlie, how are you?" or "Hello, Charlie," and discovering that many of the men had worked in Detroit or Ford's Highland Park plant.

The rolling mills of the Putilov Steel Works, one of Leningrad's famous and oldest companies, dumfounded Sorensen—little protection for the workers against the freezing Russian winters, few windows, no modern equipment. Anything savoring of mass production in those days, writes Sorensen, had the Russians stumped. He says he never did get an answer to repeated questions as to where the Russians were getting their raw material. He remembers Herbert Hoover telling him after he left the White House that the greatest ore fields in the world—coal, limestone, etc.—lay untouched up the Yangtze River in China.

"Today," writes Sorensen, "I think I see why the Russians and Chinese are cooperating with each other. Russia has an eye obviously on those resources."

To me, as a newspaperman and a daily caller on Mr. Ford in the Teens, Twenties, and early Thirties, Mr. Sorensen's first-hand account of the days when the senior Ford's condition deteriorated, when rumors of troubles in high places at Ford's multiplied, is enormously interesting, as it probably will be to many who heard the same rumors and had no first-hand knowledge of their truth or falsity. It may be that Mr. Sorensen gives himself none the worst of it, but few autobiographers do.

Louis B. Seltzer—"springy style."

Journalism, Home Style

"The Years Were Good," by Louis B. Seltzer *(World. 317 pp. $4), is the autobiography of the man who through his editorship of* The Cleveland Press *and his participation in the civic life of his home city has become known as "Mr. Cleveland." It is reviewed by Frank Luther Mott, author of "American Journalism: A History."*

By Frank Luther Mott

IN "The Years Were Good" Louis Seltzer tells the story of his life directly, in a good springy, journalistic style, and without any particular subtlety or pathos or unusually exciting incident. It is what a good autobiography ought to be, a perfect reflection of the man who writes it; and this man happens to be a first-class newspaperman, a practical idealist, and an old-fashioned American optimist. He loves his family and likes to say so; he is devoted to his home city, which is Cleveland, Ohio; he is fond of people, as every really good journalist must be.

This is a book without great literary pretensions, but founded on the good old American virtues of loyalty to home, of industry and integrity, and of faith in the future of America and the world. It is interesting because the reader likes the forthright Seltzer personality, because the "rags to riches" theme always holds the attention, and because certain incidents in the author's newspaper career have interest in themselves.

Two or three sentences from the preface and from the last page of the book will give its spirit and tone:

> I have been singularly blessed to work in a profession I love, in my home city which I worship, and at the side of the only girl I have ever known—and whom I adore today even more than when forty years ago I first looked into her brown eyes. . . . In God I believe. My country I love. For its future I have profound and abiding faith. . . . The years have been both hard and good, but when the toting-up is finished, the years were good.

"Louie" Seltzer has been editor of one of America's great newspapers, *The Cleveland Press,* for twenty-eight years. So thoroughly has he identified himself with the growth and activities of his native city that he has long been known far and wide as "Mr. Cleveland." Newspapermen, politicians, industrialists, and common men and women generally respect and admire him. He is a fighter, and he has his enemies; but it is not too much to say that thousands of people are genuinely fond of Louie Seltzer.

He came from a poverty-stricken home, where the hardships were caused chiefly by a difference of opinion between Father and magazine editors on the subject of whether Father could write fiction. Father eventually became a successful producer of Westerns, but in the meantime Louie had been compelled to quit school while in the seventh grade in order to help earn a living for the family. At that time he got a job as office boy and cub reporter on *The Leader,* for which after a year or two he was writing a feature column by "Luee, The Offis Boy." Later he shifted to *The News,* from which he was eventually fired because his bosses had decided that he did not have the instincts of a newspaperman and would never make good in journalism. But a year later he was with *The Press,* where he has been ever since. He was not quite eighteen when he joined that paper, and he was its city editor when he was nineteen.

AS MR. SELTZER points out, there are many good newspaper editors who refrain from participation in local movements and membership in local groups on the theory that they must be dissociated from such things personally if they are to report them objectively and criticize them fairly. Seltzer faced this issue squarely and decided on a policy of personal participation. Thus he has personally headed welfare agencies and reform groups himself from time to time. Moreover, he has made it a consistent policy to leave his office for a certain period each day to visit various districts of the city, to talk with men on the street, and to find out what people thought of *The Press* and what special services they wanted from it.

Separate chapters are given to a number of events and personalities which have been important to *The Press* and thus to Mr. Seltzer in the past few decades. Others (as the one

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about th McGannon indictment) tell about news beats which he was able to make simply because some of his friends in influential places wanted to be good to him. Louie is that kind of person.

An interesting chapter tells of how *The Press* hammered away at county and city law enforcement officers to take some action in the murder case of Dr. Sam Sheppard until they were forced to move. Without this vigorous newspaper pushing of the case there would probably never have been even an indictment of Dr. Sam.

Another chapter tells of Seltzer's conviction on a charge of contempt of court on the basis of an editorial criticizing a judge for signing an order enjoining the sheriff from raiding a gambling shop at a race track. Before he could begin to serve his sentence the verdict was set aside in a scathing reversal by the Court of Appeals. Newton D. Baker was the defendant's attorney, and his argument in this case has become famous in the American law of contempt.

Still another chapter relates the story of the championship of Frank J. Lausche by *The Press* from the time that Seltzer first heard him speak at a neighborhood meeting in a Slovenian Hall to the present day.

He has two basic principles as editor of *The Press*, says Louis Seltzer. First, whatever is for the best interest of Cleveland is for the best interest of the paper; second, never will *The Press* try to obtain any favor, job, or privilege from anyone in public life.

The Birth of the Bomb

"Atomic Quest," by Arthur Holly Compton *(Oxford University Press. 370 pp. $5), is partly autobiography, partly participant's account of the events leading up to the construction of the first atomic bomb. Our reviewer, George W. Gray, is the author of "Science at War" and other books.*

By George W. Gray

MANY accounts of the events leading up to the construction of the first atomic bomb have appeared, but Arthur Holly Compton's "Atomic Quest" is unique in that it was written by a participant in the project. To be sure, Henry D. Smyth's "Atomic Energy for Military Purposes," published under Government auspices in 1945, was also the work of an insider; but Dr. Smyth's book was strictly technical, whereas Dr. Compton's is "a personal narrative." It is informal, anecdotal, packed with behind-the-scenes incidents and impressions, and, after a somewhat slow start, arrestingly interesting.

The book might almost be called an autobiography because of its many incidental references to the author's family, his education, his university posts, and other connections. But there are also personal sidelights on Einstein, Fermi, Vannevar Bush, General Groves, E. O. Lawrence, Robert Oppenheimer, James B. Conant, and other participants in the atomic quest —and so the personal tone is maintained throughout.

In his first chapter, entitled "Vision," Dr. Compton recounts how the scientists became aware of the possibilities of atomic energy and how they persuaded the Government to support an all-out effort to explore these possibilities. Next, under the title "Faith," he reports on the research which led to the realization of the scientists' vision—the controlled release of atomic power. "Work" describes the unprecedented collaboration of military men, industrialists, scientists, engineers, and laborers which produced fissionable material and forged three atomic bombs—the test bomb of July 1945, the uranium-235 bomb which blasted Hiroshima, and the plutonium bomb which was dropped on Nagasaki. Then, in "Choice," there is a review of the reasons which led to the soul-searching decision to use the bomb and a discussion of the consequences of this action. The final chapter, "Hope," examines prospects of the future as they are touched by the vast potentialities of nuclear energy. Here the scientist considers the outlook for man and his freedom "from a Christian's point of view" and concludes that "it is within our power to harness the energy of the atom for peace. Because the still small voice speaks thus to all men everywhere, we have a firm basis for our hope that freedom will endure."

Compton's connection with what developed into the bomb project began in the spring of 1941. He was professor of physics at the University of Chicago, and the president of the National Academy of Sciences appointed him chairman of a committee to advise the Government regarding the military usefulness of atomic energy. It was on the basis of the report of this committee, submitted to President Roosevelt the following November, that the President decided to venture the great gamble.

In the vast teamwork which followed the Chicago professor was given two leading roles: to design the bomb

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

TWENTY NIGHTS AT THE OPERA

Here are the names of a score of operas and the names of as many composers. Please make adjustments. If in doubt, turn to page 40.

1. "L'Amore dei Tre Re"	( ) Beethoven
2. "Cavalleria Rusticana"	( ) Bellini
3. "Cosi Fan Tutte"	( ) Charpentier
4. "Elektra"	( ) Debussy
5. "Falstaff"	( ) Delibes
6. "La Favorita"	( ) Donizetti
7. "Fidelio"	( ) Flotow
8. "Der Freischütz"	( ) Herbert
9. "Hansel und Gretel"	( ) Humperdinck
10. "Lakmé"	( ) Mascagni
11. "Louise"	( ) Massenet
12. "Manon"	( ) Montemezzi
13. "Manon Lescaut"	( ) Mozart
14. "Martha"	( ) Puccini
15. "Mignon"	( ) Strauss
16. "Natoma"	( ) Taylor
17. "Norma"	( ) Thomas
18. "Pelléas et Mélisande"	( ) Verdi
19. "Peter Ibbetson"	( ) Wagner
20. "Rienzi"	( ) Weber

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and to produce plutonium in quantity. It was to pursue research on the plutonium problem that the Metallurgical Laboratory was organized at the University of Chicago under his direction, and was quickly manned by a force which eventually totaled 5,000. A group in the Metallurgical Laboratory, led by the brilliant Fermi, designed and built the pile of graphite and uranium in the squash court under the west stands of Stagg Athletic Field where the power of the atom was first harnessed. Compton devotes only three pages to "the critical experiment" of December 2, 1942, and it is one of the most dramatic and moving passages in the book.

The author has led a varied life. At the huge uranium-separation plant in Oak Ridge, Tenn., where he and his wife lived for a while on Snobs' Knob, he was officially "Mr. Holly." At the plutonium plant in Hanford, Wash., he was "Mr. Comas." But in Chicago, where he had long been a public figure as a distinguished member of the university and a Nobel laureate, he remained "Dr. Compton."

Although he never voted for Roosevelt for President and never even saw him at a distance, the atomic quester expresses high admiration for the wartime President. "We were rarely fortunate," he writes, "to have at the helm during these critical years a man of his high degree of understanding, courage, and sympathy with men and women. No man of lesser understanding and courage could have made the decision to put so much of the nation's strength into what any man of his experience would recognize as a long chance indeed."

MAN WITH ENTHUSIASM: It is the dream of many a man to be an unbridled extrovert, bouncing through life with relish and enthusiasm. Some who dream of this spend hours on the analyst's couch in an effort to achieve it. But when the man who wants to be a bounding extrovert meets one of the happy breed the result can be disillusion. Left weak and spent, perhaps even bored, by the onslaught of a vigorous personality, a fellow is likely to decide I-wouldn't-be-like-him-for-anything, and walk away contented at last. We may be wrong, but readers may react the same way to **"Never a Shot in Anger,"** by Col. Barney Oldfield, USAF (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $5). Colonel Barney is no relation to the famous racing driver, but he is nonetheless a personality for that. In World War II it was his job to funnel information to war correspondents, and to keep those somewhat prima-donna types perpetually satisfied. Barney calls this responsibility "bed-fellowship" and, fraught with problems though it was, he made it a long series of vigorous accomplishments, with booming laughs and important contacts thrown in. He begins his book with Eisenhower and swiftly shifts to MacArthur. Then he's on to the exploits of war correspondents, some of whom he calls "lads." It should be exciting, it should be funny, it should be vastly readable. But somehow the wide-open, back-slapping Oldfield personality keeps getting in the way. We don't know Barney, but if he is the way he pictures himself here fifteen minutes of him should be enough to wear out the average man. His book may take a little longer. —ALLEN CHURCHILL.

MAN WITH AN ORDER BOOK: Anyone who mourns the era of rugged individualism as dead can find contradiction in a book called **"Peddler in Paradise: The Personal Story of the World's Most Widely Traveled Salesman,"** by Al Rabin (Dutton, $3.95). Al is not a young type, for the jacket photo shows him as bald, with gray hair sprouting busily over his ears. But he is a mammoth of energy and believes profoundly in the mission of the salesman. Brushed off by a callous purchasing agent in the San Francisco of the Twenties, Al decided to carry his genius outside this country. He immediately took off for the Orient, armed with sample case and order book. He has been covering the world ever since, and if there is somewhere he has not yet visited he is probably there at the moment you read this. Al likes everyone, and everyone likes him. He enjoys the challenge, and consequently his favorite sales territory is Africa. Altogether he has probably done more good for the United States than an entire State Department Bureau.

—A. C.

THAT ROMANTIC AMERICAN ERA when thousands of men and women pushed across the Great Plains bent upon settling anew and cowboys drove cattle hundreds of miles to market unimpeded by barbed wire fences is the subject of two new text-and-picture books from which the accompanying pictures are drawn. **"The Old West Speaks,"** by Howard R. Driggs (Prentice-Hall, $10) is a gathering of personal experiences of those who made the migration, often in their own words. The photos are supplemented by a collection of full-page paintings in color by William H. Jackson. **"Before Barbed Wire,"** by Mark H. Brown and W. R. Felton (Holt, $10), offers 124 photographs by L. A. Huffman, often called the "Brady of the West."

—*From "The Old West Speaks."*

Chief Two Moons at Little Big Horn.

—*From "Before Barbed Wire."*

A typical sheepherder.

—*From "The Old West Speaks."*

A Wells Fargo stage coach in 1862.

Crow Warrior.

Two Moon's children.

—*From "Before Barbed Wire."*

Black Wolf.

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Voyage with the Maidens

En Route: Wake Island to Tokyo.

THIS is being written on a plane on the last lap of the trans-Pacific flight from San Francisco to Japan. In the cabin of this Pan-American Airways Clipper are thirteen Hiroshima Maidens who are returning to Japan after eighteen months in the United States where they lived with American families and underwent a series of operations for serious burns and injuries suffered during the atomic explosion in Hiroshima in 1945. Nine of the Maidens returned last May. One of them is remaining in the United States, the recipient of a scholarship at the Parsons School of Fashion Design in New York. Another was swept off her feet by a suitor, is married and settled in California.

From where I sit in the rear of the cabin I can survey the entire party. I can hardly believe my eyes, for two rows of seats have been converted into a hair-dressing establishment. Suzue Oshima, who returns to Japan a professional beautician after a full course in the United States, has just set up a miniature beauty parlor with the aid of the stewardess. For the past two hours she has been taking on the female members of the party. Her first customer was Mrs. Richard Day, representing on this homecoming trip the American Quakers with whom the girls lived. Suzue took about ten minutes to put Mrs. Day's hair up in curlers. Among those now waiting in line, in addition to the girls, are Mrs. Helen Yokoyama, who has served as nurse, chaperone, interpreter, and mother; Miss Lonnie Miller, the American nurse to the girls; and Mrs. Edward Benenson, executive secretary of the project.

Suzue's fingers are incredibly fast and deft; they were twisted and limited in mobility when she first arrived at the Mt. Sinai Hospital for surgery on hands and face. She now has full command of fingers and hands. I am enchanted as I watch her set hair and put it in curlers. The few males in the cabin are totally ignored as the females go about with their hair pinned tight to their scalps. I am certain that Pan-American Airways can report many unusual incidents in the air over the years, but I doubt that any other line in the history of aviation could boast of a long line of women waiting to have their hair set at 20,000 feet.

Suzue returns to Hiroshima with modest capital provided by the Quaker Meeting in Fairfield County, Connecticut. She is prepared to set up an establishment of her own in Hiroshima called the "Darien Beauty Shop." In the window will be framed a letter from the Mayor of Darien, Connecticut, wishing Suzue well and saying how proud the people of Darien were to have had her among them.

After ten operations in the U.S. some of Suzue's facial scars are still visible. Modern plastic surgery can do a great deal but it cannot restore completely. Suzue, however, can be called disfigured no longer. The change in her personality over the past eighteen months is now clearly visible. She has poise, purpose, confidence. You can see it in the way she goes about her work. Every once in a while someone near her in the plane will say something amusing and Suzue reacts with the sure joy of a person who knows she has a place in the world.

I turn from Suzue and look at Michiyo Zomen, whose left arm was bent and rigid when she arrived in the United States. A minute ago she reached across the aisle with her left arm to pass an American magazine to a friend. Her surgery has been completely successful. Earlier on this flight Michiyo wrote letters in English to her American families. This means more to her than the free movement of her left arm. When Michiyo returns to Hiroshima she will have a job waiting for her at the Prefectural Government as clerk and secretary. While in the United States she studied English and took typing lessons. Both these skills are much in demand in Japan. Michiyo is one of nine girls who return with American typewriters that will be put to work.

AND now I look at Shigeko Niimoto who, if this group had an official cheerleader, would be instantly elected to the job. She has the bounce and joyous alertness of a character out of Dickens. In many ways her disfiguration represented the most difficult challenge of any of the girls to the American surgeons. Much of the skin on her body that ordinarily would be used for grafts had been deeply burned. Even so, the surgeons were able to reconstruct the lower part of her face and neck and improve its contours (see illustration). The skin used for the grafting and reconstruction may lack the natural color and texture of the rest of the face, but it is helped by special facial creams supplied to the girls by Lydia O'Leary, of New York.

Shigeko had five operations in New York, two of which liberated her fingers. She has demonstrated a most promising art talent. She has also learned enough at the hospital to feel she would like to qualify as a nurse's aide. This has been her ambition ever since she was a child when she saw what happened when medical attention was lacking.

THERE is a flurry of excitement in the plane at this moment. The stewardess has just handed out Japanese immigration forms and the girls have had to consult their passports. Emiko Takemoto has taken one look at her Japanese passport photograph (the United States waived its own passport photo requirements), and has let out an astonished squeal. "It is someone else," she said. "They will never let me in again!"

Now the girls are exchanging their passport pictures and exclaiming with the kind of surprise generally

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Shigeko Niimoto, left, in 1954 (from *SR*, April 9, 1954) and Shigeko Niimoto, right, in 1956, at a picnic in the U.S. shortly before her return.

reserved for excursions to the attic for the purpose of being alternately delighted and horrified by old photographs. Yoshie Enokawa has rushed back to show her passport photograph to the American surgeons who are accompanying them on this trip, Dr. Arthur Barsky and Dr. Bernard Simon, and to the medical consultant to the project, Dr. William M. Hitzig. "So much difference," she is saying. Now the other girls are following her lead, and the surgeons have just winked to each other over the explosions of pleasant self-discovery.

THE surgeons take pride in their work, but they realize that people who see the girls for the first time will wonder whether any surgery has been done at all. Indeed, only last night, at the airport in Honolulu, a passerby inquired whether something could be done surgically to help the girls. The surgeons winced and said nothing. When they accepted this assignment eighteen months ago they knew that people would expect miracles—and they had none to offer. The Hiroshima Maidens and their parents understood this at the time and urged them to go ahead. They are elated by the improvement and that is what counts.

And now we return to Hiroshima with the Maidens, at the invitation of the city officials, in order to look into the larger problem of medical and surgical care. There are some 1,200 people who are disfigured or handicapped by their injuries in one way or another. Many of them have yet to receive any medical or surgical treatment. Our hope is that it may be possible, with the experience gained thus far, to create teams of American and Japanese surgeons to work in relays in the city itself. The local Atomic Bomb Patients Treatment Council, which has been laboring under severe handicaps, has offered its complete cooperation.

There is no way now of knowing whether this can be done, or how much it will cost, or where the money is coming from. It might be added at this point that when the decision was made to bring the Hiroshima Maidens to the United States we had no money either. Nor did we have a money-raising plan or campaign. Yet the money came in, most of it from people all over the country who had just seen a television program called "This Is Your Life." The Rev. Kiyoshi Tanimoto, who first brought the girls together in Hiroshima and whose dream it was to send them to the United States, had just appeared on that program. In response, 22,000 Americans sent in $52,422.

This sum enabled the project to bring four Japanese surgeons to the United States in order to observe American plastic surgery at first hand, and to pay them modest salaries. It enabled us to employ—on a leave of absence from the United States Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission in Hiroshima—Mrs. Helen Yokoyama, whose contribution to the project has been of a major nature. (Some day I hope to write about her in a way that will do her justice.) The money we raised also enabled us to employ a fulltime American nurse attached to the project, Miss Miller.

The project has been able to give the girls a regular monthly allowance, most of which has been put into savings. Finally, we have been able to send some modern surgical tools and equipment to hospitals in Hiroshima. With it all, we still have some $20,000 left over for a start on the larger problem. The amount we need may come to five or six times that sum.

So far we have had good luck whenever we needed it. The U.S. Air Force provided the transportation on the way over and we are the guests of Pan-American on the way back. The Quakers opened up their homes. Mt. Sinai Hospital provided its facilities without charge. The surgeons and doctors gave the equivalent of countless thousands of dollars in services. Where the means for the enlarged project will come from we have no way of knowing. Our working guess is that it will come. —N. C.

Suzue Oshima, left, in 1954, and Suzue Oshima, right, in 1956 . . . "she has poise, purpose, confidence."

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

O'Neill: 100 Proof—Not a Blend

MOST people live in several planes of existence. There is the plane of impulse, in which we respond spontaneously and without reflection. There is the plane of society, in which we treat with, impress, and/or deceive other people. There is the plane of compromise, in which we tolerate the undesirable rather than risk a correction. There is the plane of contemplation, in which we search hopefully for the truth of what we are. And there is the plane of escape and dreams.

In "Long Day's Journey Into Night" the late Eugene O'Neill has shown himself, his elder brother, his father, and his mother as they slip back and forth from one plane to another in a grim dance of life. He doesn't sentimentalize. He doesn't moralize. He blames no outside agency for the family's collective failure. As he has his mother explain it in the play, "None of us can help the things life has done to us. They're done before you realize it, and once they're done they make you do other things until at last everything comes between you and what you'd like to be, and you've lost your true self forever."

Thus, "Long Day's Journey Into Night" is not so much a "play" as a continuously absorbing exegesis of Mary Tyrone's line, "The past is the present, isn't it? It's the future, too. We all try to lie out of that but life won't let us." O'Neill steers as far from conscious plots and phony resolutions as he can. In their place he offers character development. Each of the quartet advances from morning's surface jocularity into evening's soul-shaking revelations of self-truth. Each tries to blame others for his or her failures. Mary Tyrone takes to narcotics with excuses of her son's health, her husband's unwillingness to spend money on a good doctor instead of the quack who first gave her morphine after a difficult childbirth, and his failure to supply his family a decent home life. But by the time she's finished we realize that this simple convent-bred child was never equipped to face the terrors of life outside. Likewise, James Tyrone justifies his penury as wise and considerate, and then harks back to a poverty-stricken childhood. But though it is never quite stated we finally come to suspect that an incurable self-centeredness is the heart of this famous actor's trouble. As for the two sons, Edmund

Fredric March—"complete discipline."

(pseudonym for the author) confesses that only on certain occasions at sea did he ever feel "the joy of belonging to a fulfilment beyond men's lousy, pitiful, greedy fears and hopes and dreams." He will always be "a stranger who never feels at home, who does not really want and is not really wanted, who can never belong, who must always be a little in love with death!" The other, Jamie, at the height of drunkenness reveals that while he loves his brother he also has the subconscious wish to destroy him.

For those who are familiar with some of the details of O'Neill's tragic life and with the twenty-five full-length plays that gained him his reputation as America's greatest playwright, this merciless autobiography is enormously interesting. But even for those who are not, there is a breadth to "Long Day's Journey Into Night" that may make it the most universal piece of stage realism ever turned out by an American playwright. For doesn't it expose the forces that work both to unite and to tear asunder all human groups? What family does not have its private disgraces, its nasty recriminations, its unforgotten grievances? What family is not obliged to put up with some sort of unreasonable behavior from its breadwinner, some self-centeredness from its dominant figure? What brothers or sisters do not possess a pinch of jealousy that pollutes their love of each other? What wife is not doomed to spend much time in the company of hired help or neighbors or associates that bore her? What family is not faced with some compulsive behavior which it must ignore, coddle, or excuse in order to avoid rupture? All these things O'Neill has put into this play, baldly and directly. The terror it inspires comes not from the day's events, but from the gradual intensification of its torment and violence as night moves in.

The greatness of the work is apparent when one compares it to other American plays that deal with the destruction of the conventional family. Written in 1940 it preceded Arthur Miller's "Death of a Salesman," which implied that society and economics were crushing the modern family under indignity. Tennessee Williams's "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" showed mendacity as the foul glue that keeps a family stuck together. Last season's "A Hatful of Rain," by Mike Gazzo, resolved the problem by suggesting that a tough-minded decision is preferable to preserving an illusionary family relationship. "Long Day's Journey Into Night" takes all the arguments of these plays into account, but finds a greater realism by refusing to hang them on a suspenseful plot, and by showing up, as did O'Casey in "Juno and the Paycock," the hopeless feeding of life on old arguments and old defenses. It also seems a larger-sized piece of work because of its constant recognition of man's quest for religious ecstasy.

DIRECTOR Jose Quintero and a dedicated cast have done a remarkable job in performing the four-hour play with such inner concentration that we are seldom conscious of the time. Fredric March's James Tyrone is a miraculously sustained portrayal. He starts off as a man more-or-less resigned to the waywardness of his sons, but with cheerfulness maintained by the hope that his wife will not resume her narcotics habit; his narrow view of religion equates God and hope. Once she does resume Mr. March visibly resigns himself to going the rest of the way without faith, and the ashen way he walks offstage at the end of the second scene is great acting. Then, as he proceeds to anesthetize himself with whiskey, Mr. March avoids the flamboyance that has marked the drunk scenes we remember from former performances. Instead, he captures a true alcoholic saturation that he holds onto with complete discipline. Even in the wild and ridiculous moment when he jumps on top of the table to screw in three light bulbs, melodramatically shouting, "We'll turn them all on . . . The poorhouse is the end of the road,

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and it might as well be sooner as later," Mr. March does not abandon the characterization to indulge himself in a virtuoso stunt. Because his performance is relatively subdued, it becomes possible for Jason Robards, Jr. to explode and steal the show. Mr. Robards's drunken Jamie is loud and free-swinging; he not only expresses but demonstrates his ambivalent feelings for his younger brother Edmund.

Edmund is played sensitively by Bradford Dillman, who makes the poetic passages effective. Yet Mr. Dillman seems more a young Keats than a young O'Neill. As Mary Tyrone, Florence Eldridge is at her best when she nervously goes on the defensive about her addiction or when she gets a mad look in her eye as she describes her wedding gown. There are times, however, when we would like to see more feeling towards her sons, and other times when we are not as aware as we should be that she is under the influence of drugs.

Mr. Quintero has directed the play with great fidelity, resisting the getting of a dramatic impact at the expense of the production's total truthfulness. He begins the long day with the family normal and jovial. Indeed, one might assume that this was going to be a comedy about two "regular fellers" and their happily-married mom and dad. Mr. Quintero makes no attempt to rush a grim tone into the proceedings. He allows the mutual recriminations to develop slowly and naturally. Thus, everything that ensues seems a part of life in the Tyrone summer-house rather than scenes from a play. David Hays's set is a beauty, changing character from day to night. And Tharon Musser's lighting is superb as it strengthens each important moment.

The thirty-two-year-old Mr. Quintero and his production associates can certainly be said to have lived up to the trust Mrs. O'Neill put in them when she accorded them the honor of giving "Long Day's Journey Into Night" its American premiere. If anything, they have perhaps felt too slavishly responsible to the stage directions of the late playwright. A production with more directorial invention and conscious "performing," like the one in Stockholm, is in some ways more memorable. But when one recalls that O'Neill used to say, "Actors generally get between me and the performance. I catch myself recognizing the technique all the time and what they are doing when they put over a point," one suspects that he would have been astounded and gratified to find that the young director had put almost nothing between the theatregoer and this great theatre work. —HENRY HEWES.

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(In a letter to Cecil B. DeMille, Oct. 6, 1956)

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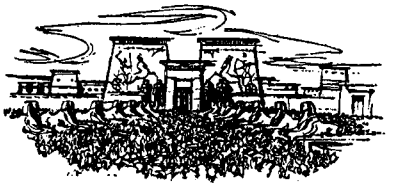

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TV AND RADIO

Networks Under Fire

THE HIGH esteem in which Jack Gould, radio-TV critic for *The New York Times*, is held by his professional colleagues was amply justified on October 31 when, under the title "Disgrace of the Networks," he began a series of reports on the handling of the United Nations' part in the Near East crisis. As indignation made him eloquent, scorn for the networks' replies, which he published the next day, gave him sharpness and wit. Following up his story he rendered justice to those whose coverage improved, and he spelled out the principles of responsible broadcasting in his Sunday piece clearly, powerfully, and without rancor. The series of articles was a demonstration of responsible critical journalism unique in its special field and seldom surpassed in any area.

Mr. Gould's major point was that the meeting of the U.N. Security Council presented an extraordinary opportunity and a clear duty to the networks to "report history in close-up, to enable every citizen . . . to see destiny unfold," to bring to us the actuality of "man's own struggle to avoid a holocaust." Instead they brought us "Queen for a Day," "Sgt. Preston of the Yukon," and "The Lone Ranger." The networks replied that the debate in the Security Council would, "in fairness to all sides concerned have to be carried entire or not at all," and that they had broadcast a sufficient number of news programs and bulletins.

Like Mr. Gould, I find these answers more argumentative than responsive. It would have been difficult, but not impossible, to broadcast portions of the Council's meeting so as to provide a fair representation of the debate. And the point at issue was not that the public was short-changed on news, but that we were not permitted to see the news *being made*.

The networks which replied to Mr. Gould were ABC and NBC. Not making an immediate answer, CBS did however contribute in another way. On the day of Mr. Gould's charge it issued a large and handsome promotion piece, a report on what CBS had done in covering the nominating conventions, and in the text occurred these words: "It was clear that television could play a vital role. . . . This was manifest in television's revolutionary contribution to mass communication: its unique ability to picture an event exactly as it happens at the instant it is happening, thereby producing for its viewers the quality of understanding and personal involvement that is so essential to effective participation in the democratic process."

At one time or another every TV network has said the same thing and if Mr. Gould had seen it in time he might have rested his case with the reminder that a "unique ability" if it does not function will atrophy.

THE simple fact is that the broadcasters either did not perceive their duty to the public or didn't want to spend the money to fulfil it. The position is arguable, but not on the grounds the networks have chosen. Their dilemma is a serious one: they are licensed by the nation to operate for profit so long as they serve the public interest, so they have to decide, sometimes without warning, where the public interest overrides the right to profit. And what haunts them is the knowledge that if they consistently accept a low standard of service the power that licenses them may reduce them to a public utility, regulating rates and imposing controls and limiting the profits.

In 1916 the young David Sarnoff, predicting the "radio music box" in every home, said it would become a "domestic utility." It has actually become a public necessity, and the only way the broadcasters can prevent the disaster (as they and I would think it) of bureaucratic control is to conceive of their obligations on a responsible and a generous scale. They cannot survive at their present level of service unless they succeed in creating a public totally apathetic and indifferent to its own rights.

After the Army-McCarthy hearings I proposed here a simple way for networks to carry broadcasts of vital interest when they are not sponsored: parcel out the time between them. I should add now that in grave emergencies each network or station should refer its audience to the one presently carrying the public-service broadcast. Nothing came of my first proposal and nothing will come of this one either. But public resentment may come—and it will be more dangerous to the networks than anything Mr. Gould or I can accomplish.

—GILBERT SELDES.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Vienna Philharmonic, Byron Janis, M. Dobbs, et al.

IT IS NOT often that a world-famous orchestra comes to New York for the first time with a seventy-six-year-old conductor who is more a subject of curiosity than the orchestra itself. Such was the case, however, with the long-awaited appearance of the Vienna Philharmonic in Carnegie Hall with Carl Schuricht leading a program of Mozart, Beethoven and Bruckner. So long awaited was it, indeed, that Wilhelm Furtwaengler, Clemens Kraus, and Erich Kleiber—who were named for one or another tour in the last four years—have all died. If the opportunity came to Schuricht by default, he honored it with musicianship of a high order and a wonderful rapport with the unique orchestra.

Of course, it is a bolstering compliment to be affiliated with the Vienna Philharmonic at all under such circumstances, for it is the membership which engages the conductor. That it had made no error for sentimentality or other reasons was apparent from the start with a sensitive yet robust performance of a symphony written by Mozart at sixteen, yet already number twenty-three (D major, K. 181) in his catalogue. The velvety sheen of the strings, the plaintive interpolation of the oboe, the subdued accompaniment which the ensemble provided when a solo instrument was dominant were all in the noble tradition of an orchestra whose refinement of style is unparalleled. It was, of course, Schuricht who held it together and gave the eminently aware players the direction they required.

In scope and spaciousness, the following "Egmont" overture of Beethoven has not had such a performance in Carnegie Hall since the last occasion when Arturo Toscanini performed it. For one thing, the Vienna Philharmonic's string section runs to sixteen firsts plus three concertmasters, and they all *play*. Taking in the proportionate complement of seconds, violas, cellos, and basses, there was a veritable forest of bows at work on the stage, all functioning toward that ideal of luscious, deep-throbbing string sound that is the singular property of this ensemble. The clamorous horns and sighing woodwinds were marshalled by Schuricht's exact, economic beat to a climax steeped in traditionalism but vibrantly alive. As the final chord reverberated in Carnegie Hall, one realized anew what a precious frame this makes for a really worthwhile picture.

BRUCKNER'S Seventh Symphony (relatively terse, at an hour plus, as this composer's works go) is not ordinarily what this ear wants, but what the Vienna Philharmonic players made of it under Schuricht's knowing direction gave all ears a cleansing bath of pure, ringing sound. There is no such thing as forcing or overblowing. The strings, in the most urgent forte, bow but do not press; the brass, consequently, can form their sound with every prospect of being heard *at a natural level*, likewise the woodwinds. There are few details of an orchestra's ability that such a work does not reveal, and the Vienna Philharmonic responded magnificently. Of course, a missed horn note or a wrong trumpet entrance is not unknown with these players, and there were such incidents (also a timpani player who lost a mallet head in the frenzied whacking of the final chord). They were about

(*Continued on page 70*)

Betrayal

By John Moffit

A FACE that breathes ethereal
Aloofness, ripe goodwill,
Unpitying compassion,
Or sainted patience till
The inauspicious moment
When it elects to talk,
May then (and God forgive it!)
Either loose a squawk

About its last misfortune
Or what it ate this week
Or how its husband's brother
Dropped dead upon the street—
Any idle something
But what its gathered air
Hints to an awestruck watcher
Warmly inhabits there.

Ho! all ye haunting faces
That wander dreamlike through
Our days, spare us who worship
The sign bestowed on you
Those sorry commonplaces
That instantly becloud
Your glow—when what's
behind you
Speaks itself aloud.

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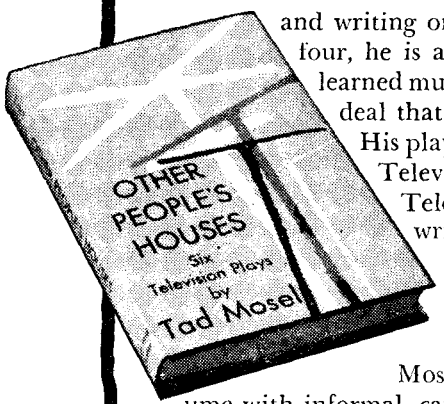

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Fiction

Continued from page 18

the street. There is truth in the portrait of Tommy, but few answers for him. He has been compounded almost entirely of dilemmas, and Mr. Bellow leaves him all but dead, a quivering, shaking, fragmented man.

The three short stories seem much lesser efforts when compared with "Seize the Day," and make one feel that Mr. Bellow needs room to move around in to be at his best, but they have their striking moments. In "A Father-to-Be" a bachelor has a dread vision of the future son that will be the result of his forthcoming marriage. "Looking for Mr. Green" is a weird incursion into the world of the relief-worker, and "The Gonzaga Manuscripts" is a commentary on present-day Spain. The one-act play "The Wrecker" has some wild humor, but seems strained, at least in reading. I haven't the faintest notion of why it has been included in the volume, unless because its author is Mr. Bellow. Perhaps a good enough reason, for he certainly remains one of the most interesting and provocative writers of the younger group.

FORESTER COME HOME: In **"Wings of Night"** (Doubleday, $3.75) Thomas H. Raddall, a Canadian writer of much talent, has written a first-rate novel as solidly authentic as the Nova Scotia forests that form its backdrop. Mr. Raddall's story concerns the return of Neil Jamieson, a young forester, to Oak Falls, a decaying lumber mill town that was the scene of his boyhood. Jamieson's memories of Oak Falls are not entirely golden: his parents' unhappy marriage was capped by his mother's desertion and his father's suicide. Raised by his paternal grandmother, the lonely boy was on the way to becoming the town maverick when he ran away at the age of eighteen to join the Canadian army.

Jamieson comes back to Oak Falls on a visit to lay a few personal ghosts, and he finds a few more ghosts than he had bargained for. His childhood sweetheart is married, but seemingly willing to rekindle the old flame. His grandmother, whom he bitterly resented as a child, is now a paupered invalid toward whom he can no longer maintain bitterness. The town itself has been rapidly skidding downhill, with the aid of a local pulp mill operator who has effectively choked off its industrial potential. In spite of himself, Neil again becomes drawn into the affairs of the decrepit backwater and its people, and he set-

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tles down to become a kind of free-lance surveyor. Eventually he acts as a catalyst that causes the old town to erupt in a couple of dramatic developments.

"Wings of Night" is not merely a "regional" novel, exhibiting a unique bit of geography for public inspection; rather it unites place and character in a counterpoint so skilful that the reader is barely conscious of the specialized background as his attention becomes increasingly riveted on what happens there. —MARTIN LEVIN.

ALSO NOTED: "The Riven Heart," by Genevieve Gennari (McKay, $4.50), affords a view of romantic and political passions during the French revolutionary period, when nobility's heads rolled to the rhythm of drums. All is seen through the eyes of Constance Deschaumes, who married a convention delegate following the death of her aristocratic husband. There are warm, human portraits here amid the panorama of a violent era.

"A Goat for Azazel," by Vards Fisher (Alan Swallow, $3.95), speculates on the origins of Christianity by allowing New Testament figures and fictional ones to discuss their experiences from the vantage point of life in ancient Rome. The discursive flavor is stronger than the fictional touch, but the reader is painlessly introduced to significant Roman and Eastern thought and customs.

"Man in the Sky," by Richard Hubler (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $4.50), ranges across the globe from Rangoon to Israel as Gib Miller's itch to fly and fight keeps him moving. The pessimistic tone may depress some readers, but many compactly-drawn scenes help counterbalance it.

"The Robsart Affair," by Jennette and Francis Letton (Harper, $3.50), offers a fictional version of the scandal-tinged relation between England's fiery Queen Elizabeth and her companion Robert Dudley. Elizabeth appears more a schoolgirl with a fluttering heart than the competent ruler she was, but then many readers like the saccharine approach.

"Blind Tiger," by Robert Standish (Doubleday, $3.75), follows the journey of well-born Johnny Holderness from militant participation in Spain's civil war to bourgeois family domesticity back home in the U.S. Lucidity of style and of political discussion give it a certain heft.

"The Last Crusader," by Louis de Wohl (Lippincott, $3.95), re-creates the critical events of 1571, when King Don Juan of Spain stopped the Turkish tide at Lepanto and saved Western Christianity. Religion, politics, militarism, and romance are agreeably blended. —S. P. MANSTEN.

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The Abuse of Democracy

Continued from page 16

opinion polls or majority votes block the search for truth in any field.

Of late years it has become increasingly difficult to give the young scholar a chance to adventure into his chosen field because so much research now has to be carried on by "teams" and with the help of expensive scientific apparatus such as computers. Of course, the allocation of sums of money for these purposes must be determined by some responsible board or committee or council conversant with such problems, and these may sometimes discourage eccentric new experiments. Recalling a wise and kindly lady who many years ago used to give me an annual gift to be used to help what we called "the undeserving poor," meaning students who were ineligible for any scholarship or even grant-in-aid but who somehow seemed worth taking a chance on, I wonder whether it might not be a good idea for some imaginative millionaire to establish a fund to be used to assist researchers in what seemed to practically everybody else wild and useless projects?

I recall one rather quaint result of trying to apply that eminently useful political device, the majority vote, in the conduct of college affairs. Fired by enthusiasm for democracy, some of the more radical students in many colleges began to think of the college as a political unit and of themselves as citizens, entitled, according to the proper democratic process, to determine the conduct of the affairs of the institution by majority vote of the student body or some specialized organizations like political clubs. This was especially likely to arise in the cases of invitations that some students wanted to extend to highly sensational speakers from outside to come and use the college campus as a sounding board. Then any interference by the administration or faculty would be condemned as a violation of that right to "freedom of speech" guaranteed to American citizens by our Constitution. Or any objections by the college authorities to offensive and perhaps libelous matter printed in a student publication would be condemned as a violation of the sacred democratic right to "freedom of the press." Now I have always been perfectly sure that in a college no such rights existed for students as students. The only right a student has *as a student* is the right to receive the best possible education that the college can give. (He retains of course his political rights as a citizen of the state.)

When I expounded this view of mine to the students of Barnard College at Columbia University in the City of New York, as I frequently did during my term of thirty-six years as Dean, some of them used to look a bit startled at first, as if I were advancing some shockingly undemocratic idea. But I generally convinced most of them of the soundness of my thesis when I pointed out that the Trustees and under them the Faculty, according to a charter granted by the Board of Regents of the State of New York, were responsible for the operation of the college and would be held responsible by law, by community opinion, and especially by the parents of the students for anything that occurred in the college.

KNOWING that they will ultimately be held responsible for anything the students may do, it is the function of the faculty and the administration to decide what measure of self-government or student government conduces to good education. Should the faculty think, I often pointed out, that a stern disciplinary regime, like that at West Point, would be most effective educationally for the good of the students, then it would be the duty of the faculty to impose some such regime. If, on the other hand, they thought that a considerable measure of self-government, the carrying of really serious responsibility by the students in managing college affairs, especially extracurricular ones, gave them experience of real educational value, then obviously it was the duty of the faculty to delegate the largest possible measure of self-government, freedom of speech, and freedom of the student press conducive to these educational ends; not because these things were the "rights" of citizens in a political unit under our democratic form of government, but because they were good for the development of the minds and characters of the undergraduates.

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On the basis of this policy the faculty and the administration of Barnard College, as I knew it, gave, and I imagine still does, very great power and responsibility to student government. Moreover, we always encouraged free criticism by the students of the curriculum and the administration of the college, asking only that comments and suggestions for improvement should be presented in a courteous manner.

It seemed to me that self-government worked admirably among our students and gave them experience which in later life proved valuable to them as they participated as citizens in the political government of our democratic republic. And I think we always got on better because we had analyzed just what the "rights" were and where the final responsibility lay.

In my time at Barnard College we had on the whole a lively, independent and courageous student body—eager to speak up and express their views and try to make them prevail, containing a small number of Marxists and other extremists, enough to provide some spicy controversies. And I always wanted to keep them like this. Today I imagine college students may be less bold, less full of original initiative under the lingering influence of McCarthyism, apprehensive lest some innocent sophomore membership in a socialist club may stand as a blot on their record throughout their lives and cut them off from advancement and success. I trust that these sad days will pass.

There is a somewhat different use of the word "democratic" which I do not wish to condemn: the application of it to the social atmosphere of a college. According to our American ideals it is of course highly desirable that the social atmosphere should be essentially "democratic"; by this we mean that just as far as possible every student should be judged by her own character, personality, and ability, quite irrespective of the background from which she comes. It is a wonderful feeling to find oneself in a small community standing entirely on one's own feet, knowing almost nothing of the families and the social backgrounds of one's fellow Americans and judging them entirely on their own individual merits. They will vary immensely of course and will have been deeply influenced by the backgrounds from which they came. But to a considerable extent, if the college gets a good start, it can achieve for its students on the personal and social side a measure of equality of opportunity.

ALL THAT I have been saying is comparatively unimportant when contrasted with the very gravest of the

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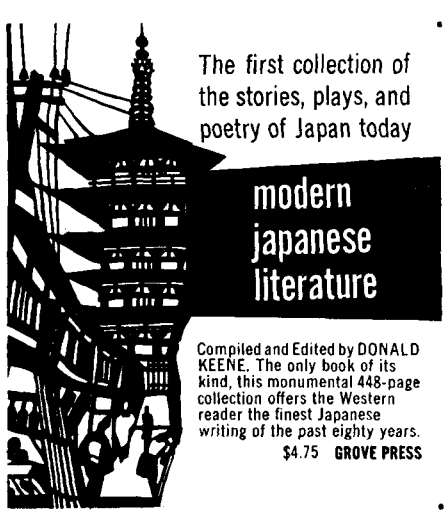

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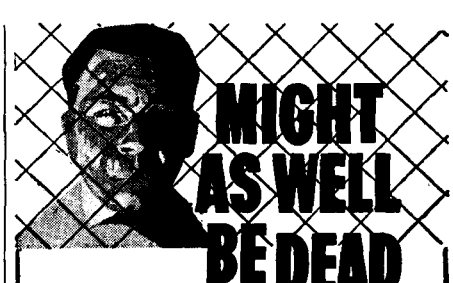

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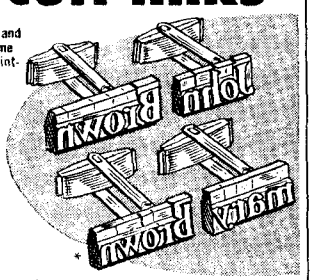

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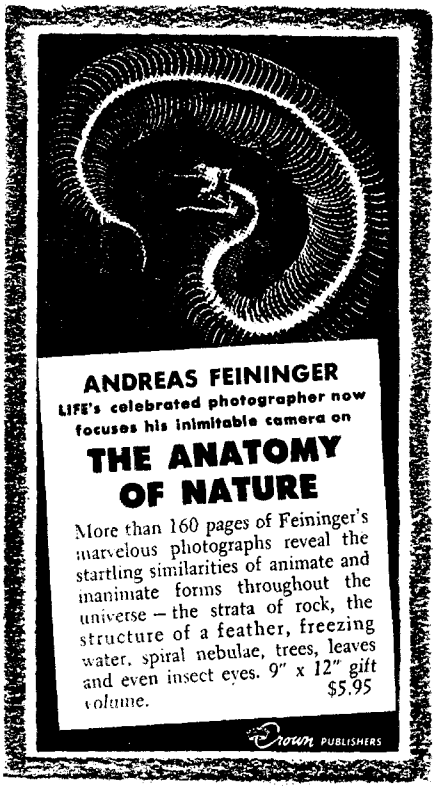
perils which the misunderstanding and abuse of the term democracy has brought upon the country. This is the idea that it is undemocratic to give better educational opportunities to better people. By better people I mean individuals equipped with better brains or better characters or both than the majority of the community.

Democracy is an idealistic form of government, highly desirable and highly difficult to operate. For its success it needs a fairly informed and sensible citizenry. Education must be universal. Every boy and girl is to have a vote in elections. So every boy and girl, as well as some useful technical training, must have as much general education as he or she can absorb.

Even more important for the survival of democracy than a well-informed general citizenry—and this is my crucial point—is the possession of good leaders. These leaders must have trained minds and sound principles and must provide highly developed special skills in many fields. We need them most of all perhaps in politics and statesmanship, but the recent alarmed clamor over our extreme shortage of engineers shows some realization of our perilous situation. We simply must increase greatly our supply of leaders and experts to meet the challenges of the intricately complex, many-sided problems of the world of today. Our present shortage is due in large part to a false idea of democracy, the strange notion that good things that can't be had by everybody should not be had by anybody.

Leaders and experts generally need the equivalent not only of a sound secondary education, but of full college training and, in most cases, years of advanced graduate or professional study beyond that. (Several of our finest leaders have had none of these!) Now the average American is simply not qualified and cannot be trained to absorb a standard college education. We might as well face that fact frankly. We must sift out from the general mass of pupils in our schools the minority who show promise of being able to absorb the education necessary for political leadership, for atomic physics, for the work of teachers, physicians, historians, philosophers, and a multitude of other much needed experts. We must sift them out by the wisest and fairest tests we can devise and the judgment of their teachers; free them from the hampering mass of the intellectually inferior students and those unwilling to learn, and give to these most promising candidates the best possible teaching, the best opportunities for development of mind, knowledge, and character.

I never realized how shocking such



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a simple and, to me, obviously essential procedure seemed to many of my fellow educators until I went in 1946 on the U. S. Education Mission to Japan to advise the new Japanese democracy regarding the reorganization of their educational system. The members of our Mission were sharply divided on this question of selection of pupils for the continuing of education. One considerable group of our experts believed it highly undemocratic, vicious, and poisonous to apply any tests to candidates in order to select the most promising few. This point of view was advanced, to my great amazement, by the City Superintendent of Schools of one of our great cities. *All* pupils should have the same opportunities, he felt. You should never test them to find out whether some of them had better brains than others. The only way to choose students for further education, he said, was by a sort of picking by lot. If, for example, you had only five vacancies in a high school and there were ten applicants, then you should take all the odd numbers on the list. It would be very undemocratic to apply any sort of test to see whether five of them had better brains and more ambition and interest than the others. He really did say that. It's hard to believe, but it was so.

I gather that this school of thought among the educators believe that every American child, whatever his brains, his interests, his desire to study or his indifference and laziness, should be put through high school and junior college even if this should result in the curtailing of opportunities for the really able and ambitious students to go on and prepare for leadership and special professional or scientific skills.

Picking out the best students, those capable of further development which might be of great use to their country, is made even more difficult than need be by the strange new practice of forbidding marks and forcing teachers and principals to promote pupils, even if they have failed lamentably in the year's work. Marking some students "Excellent" and others "Failed" is said to be a highly undemocratic practice. Besides which, marks, some of the psychiatrists tell us, impair the good relations between the children and their parents. As for promoting some members of the class and obliging others, who through lack of ability or through sheer idleness have failed to register any sort of achievement, to repeat the year's work, that, they consider, is obviously a highly undemocratic procedure—"discrimination."

Thus, the unfortunate teachers are deprived of some of the most useful tools of instruction and discipline, and the pupils are deprived of the valuable knowledge of how they rate in comparison with their fellows.

When we began to set up in our colleges special honors courses for the better students, designed to give them opportunities for more rapid and extensive development than the average group, there were shrill cries of "discrimination" and "undemocratic action." In schools, we are told, arranging special sections for the more promising pupils and segregating the lazy or incompetent ones in another class arouses loud protests from parents who insist that their children must not be put into a group known to be intended for "dummies."

We must break down this state of mind if our democracy is to survive. Can we not somehow put brain power on the same basis as physical powers or other special talents? As Dean Jacques Barzun of Columbia University said recently, "As regards familiar and especially physical powers, the public understands that there can be no claims, no rights, except those of ability. You do not get your turn at leading the band if you are deaf to music. . . . The plea for the recognition of brains must be granted."

If the statisticians are right there will be, some ten or fifteen years from now, twice as many students in the colleges. We have not now nearly enough good teachers for the present enrolment. Where can we possibly get enough for the additional 3,000,000? Television may help a little, but cannot really meet the need. (I should like to deal with that subject in another essay.)

It is obvious that, far more than we now do, we should shed off many of the students who are clogging the upper grades. They must be provided with technical training if they are qualified and will apply themselves

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to it. Ample "adult education" opportunities should be available for those who wake up mentally and morally later in life. But to keep boys and girls, irrespective of their ability and interest, on through the upper years of regular high school and the first year or two in college seems a waste of effort and resources. And does it do them any good? The present record of some of our teen-agers seems to make that doubtful.

Surely many of these young people should leave school and go to work in paid jobs. They would then be less frustrated, happier, and more useful to the community. Later on some of them as adults will realize the desirability of more education and want it. They should then be given every opportunity their ability merits, and out of this group will come ultimately a few of our most brilliant minds.

If many who are now allowed to continue should be weeded out, it is on the other hand equally true that a large number of students who ought to go on to college, whose minds and characters warrant further education, do not get these opportunities. That is an immensely important problem with which we must grapple more effectively than we do now. There must have been, even in this prosperous and kindly country, many boys and girls of talent and character who faced obstacles like those over which—for example—Booker T. Washington and George W. Carver triumphed, but who through lack of determination and good fortune failed to win a chance for that development of their gifts which would have made them as useful to their country as those two remarkable citizens.

The brains and the potential leadership of our youth are the most precious assets of the nation. We must seek them out wherever they may be and try to make sure, as far as is humanly possible, that poverty, social obscurity, physical handicaps, or slow development do not keep them from rising to their full maturity. Having found them, let us then put them through a sound and vigorous training which is not hampered by the mass of incompetents and idlers.

From whatever source they come, we must cherish and develop our best, for democracy needs them if it is to survive. Otherwise, in the name of that form of government and of life which we are trying to preserve, here in America we may kill it.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

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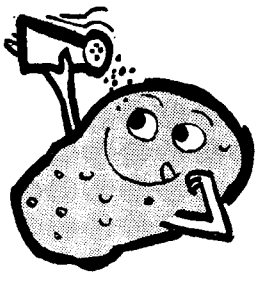

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(Continued on page 42)

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(Continued from page 41)

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Botany's word for the half of a leaf turned toward the course of the genetic spiral.	173 4 105 48 19 157
B. Universally known world figure whom most of us had never heard of before 1953.	106 119 28 139 54 78
C. Supremely.	155 83 110 100 85 138 121 164 172
D. Trunk.	170 96 34 130 40
E. Where Lady Macbeth's perfumes came from.	86 97 150 117 18
F. First professor of meteorology at Harvard, interested also in aeronautics (1861-1912).	50 127 20 35 43
G. In most favorable circumstances (2 wds.).	8 42 71 81 29 120
H. Stopper; closed season for game.	80 64 24 126 46 53 95
I. General editor, 1926-1934, Webster's New Int.	144 128 93 12 112
J. Figurative for suffering tortures (2 wds.).	11 76 36 27 124 10
K. French physicist, asso. with Daguerre, inventor of Word R (1765-1833).	111 30 125 167 161 62
L. Builder of Word W (1841-1925).	33 84 51 41
M. Fragment; tasty dish.	136 159 59 116 67 134
N. A significant appellation.	103 13 153 31 90 129 123
O. Jogged.	77 148 114 16 89 49 2
P. English journalist (1889-1944; "True Story of the Mutiny in the Bounty," etc.).	47 122 101 56 75 141
Q. Tribe of an Algonquian confederacy; a great state of the U.S.	1 87 151 109 158 5 79 143
R. A primitive bicycle, 1816, propelled by action of the feet on the ground (not in Webster).	108 37 176 91 171 165 146 142 52 118
S. Commander of Filipino forces in insurrection against Spain, later against U.S., captured 1901, became U.S. adherent.	82 133 115 145 25 162 177 73 99
T. German scholar and traveler in Brazil (1812-1884; often with prefix Ave-).	152 175 156 163 65 32 135 45 69
U. Scottish theologian, professor at Union Theol. Seminary, N.Y. (1870-1944).	94 14 39 149 60 160 166
V. Pertaining to the interior of the ear.	137 66 174 3 6 57 92
W. The "flying-machine that would not fly," though judged capable of flight, built by Word L, 1897.	21 61 113 44 132
X. This deadly sin has two or three toes.	107 9 168 63 102
Y. Specifying the treaty which placed Abyssinia under Italian domination, 1889.	140 58 104 74 68 88 131
Z. Canadian delegate at first Assembly of League of Nations, 1920 (1867-1941).	17 70 154 55 23 26
Z¹. Son of Oedipus who wouldn't alternate on the throne with his brother, as agreed, bringing on a war in which both brothers were killed.	169 98 15 147 7 22 72 38

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 Q	■		2 O	3 V	■		4 A	5 Q	6 V	■		7 Z¹	8 G	9 X	10 J	■		11 J	12 I	■				
13 N	14 U		15 Z¹	16 O	17 Z		18 E	■	19 A	20 F	■		21 W	22 Z¹	23 Z	■		24 H	25 S	26 Z				
27 J	28 B		29 G	■	30 K		31 N	■	32 T	33 L	34 D		35 F	36 J	37 R	38 Z¹	■		39 U	40 D				
41 L	42 G		43 F	■	44 W		45 T	■	46 H	47 P	48 A		49 O	50 F	51 L	52 R	■		53 H	54 B				
55 Z	56 P	■		57 V	■		58 Y	59 M	60 U	61 W	62 K	■		63 X	64 H	65 T	■		66 V	67 M				
68 Y	69 T	■		70 Z	71 G		72 Z¹	73 S	74 Y	75 P	76 J	77 O	■		78 B	79 Q	80 H	81 G	■					
82 S	83 C	84 L	■		85 C		86 E	87 Q	88 Y	■		89 O	90 N	91 R	■		92 V	93 I	94 U	95 H				
96 D	97 E	98 Z¹	■		99 S		100 C	■	101 P	102 X	103 N	■		104 Y	105 A	106 B	107 X	108 R	109 Q					
110 C	111 K	112 I	113 W		114 O		115 S	116 M	■	117 E	118 R	119 B		120 G	■		121 C	122 P	123 N	■				
124 J	125 K	126 H	■		127 F		128 I	129 N	■	130 D	131 Y	132 W		133 S	134 M	135 T	■		136 M	137 V				
138 C	139 B	140 Y	141 P		142 R	■		143 Q	144 I	145 S	146 R	■		147 Z¹	148 O	■		149 U	150 E	151 Q				
152 T	■	153 N	■		154 Z		155 C	156 T	157 A	■		158 Q	159 M	160 U	■		161 K	162 S	163 T	164 C				
■	165 R	166 U	■		167 K		168 X	169 Z¹	170 D	171 R	172 C	■		173 A	174 V	■		175 T	176 R	177 S				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 36 of this issue.

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SR/ RECORDINGS SECTION
NOVEMBER 24, 1956

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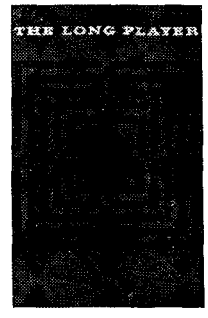
CATALOGUES AND CONFUSION



By MARVIN Z. GOLDSTEIN

IN A recent article (*SR* RECORDINGS Sept. 29) Herbert Weinstock surveyed the recorded repertoire as reflected in the "Composer Section" of the *Schwann Long Playing Record Catalogue*. Although this writer finds himself in complete agreement with the opinions expressed by Mr. Weinstock *re* the deficiencies of the available repertoire, I must take exception to his contention that the Schwann catalogue constitutes the definitive chronicle of the record industry. In view of the considerable reader interest anent the malfunctions of *Schwann*, *SR*'s RECORDINGS Editor has invited me to present a documentary analysis of this chaotic aspect of the record scene.

Since the advent of LP in 1948, the once simple pastime of record collecting has achieved deviously complicated (if highly pleasurable) proportions. In the course of an average month, the record-buying public is deluged by more than 300 new recordings, a staggering total in comparison to the most abundant days of 78. Because of this unprecedented embarrassment of riches, a conscientious discophile finds it impossible to sample anything more than a smidgeon of this bounty. There are discographic aids, to be sure, no matter how limited their utility.

The record coverage afforded by such periodicals as *The Saturday Review, High Fidelity, The American Record Guide,* etc. is concerned only with the current output, while the better critical anthologies covering the entire gamut (or various aspects of it)—the three-volume survey of orchestral, vocal, and chamber music respectively by Irving Kolodin, Philip Miller, and Harold Schonberg (Knopf); David Hall and Abner Levin's "Disc Book" (Long Player); and the Music Library Association's "Record Ratings" (Crown) edited by Kurtz Myers and Richard S. Hill, a summary of all important magazine and newspaper reviews—become dated before they are published. "Record Ratins," as in the case of its British counterpart, Clough and Cuming's "World Encyclopedia of Recorded Music," is invaluable for its musicological identification of many works given the most cavalier treatment in discdom's unofficial monthly guides, *Schwann* and *The Long Player*.

The *Schwann* catalogue is the pioneer effort in the field and enjoys a certain prestige because of this fact. The worst organized volume of its sort ever seen, it is incomplete in many areas, frequently inaccurate, and often infuriatingly vague, a prime proof that everything doesn't necessarily mellow with the passage of time. As a matter of fact, *Schwann* offered many unique and informative features in the past which it has since deleted (more of this later). A quick perusal of its contents will convince anyone with a musical background that its sources of information are cursory to say the least, a guess well borne out by Schwann's admission that his catalogue is primarily based upon the publicity releases of the record companies. (See page 72.)

The Long Player, published by Sam Goody, the world's largest record dealer, represents a decided improvement over its predecessor. Although it suffers from the same grievous faults to a lesser degree, it is superior with respect to completeness and accuracy, a telling factor in its favor. Much of the credit for its accuracy belongs to two veterans in this field, Abner Levin (co-author of "The Disc Book") and Robert Reid (editor of the now defunct "Gramaphone Shop Encyclopedia," the granddaddy of all critical discographies). The inclusion of a column of record reviews by Mr. Levin and an article on music in each issue are other attractive features of this compilation.

LET us first consider *Schwann*'s weakest point, the method of listing releases comprising three or more selections. With rare exceptions, *Schwann,* the original do-it-yourself catalogue, employs the dubious expedient of lumping together all works less than fifteen minutes in duration under the generalized headings of

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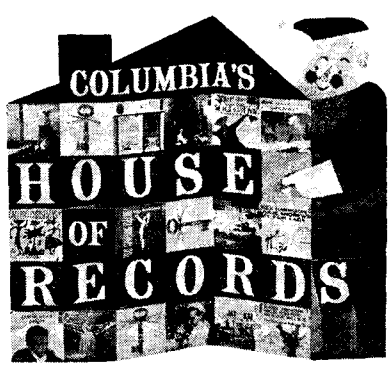

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"Overtures" (?), "Music (?) of ——," "Waltzes," etc. For example, *Schwann* gives less than two columns of space to the music of the prolific Antonio Vivaldi (as opposed to the four columns provided by *The Long Player*). Vivaldi wrote hundreds of concertos and sonatas, many of them in the same key for one instrument. *Schwann* ambiguously groups most of the Vivaldi recordings under the catch-all titles of "Concertos" and "Sonatas," leaving the identity and possible (in this case, certain) duplication of each selection a matter of conjecture.

The Vivaldi columns in *The Long Player*, although complete, are arranged in a confusing sequence. Instead of grouping all concertos logically according to solo instrument and opus number (as they usually do), our fine-feathered compilers choose to omit many of the opus numbers and rely exclusively on the key signature for identification. Reference to the overside pairing is again a do-it-yourself operation; the composer's name is the only hint. This practice is particularly exasperating when you discover that a composer such as Mozart has over 1,000 entries to his credit.

No small share of the blame for the emergence of this passion for anonymity must be laid at the doors of record manufacturers who initiated and foster this idea in their paid advertising. The new theory is an adaptation of an old adage: "You *can* sell a record by its cover." To further compound the confusion, the catalogues have invented their own flowery cognomens. Thus, *The Long Player* lists six records containing substantially the same Stephen Foster songs as "Melodies," "Music of Foster," and "Songs" separately. Foster did pen some instrumental pieces which are not included here although one is led to believe so.

A rather ludicrous variation is the single identity-dual title listing, one of the more common space wasters. A case in point is Robert Schumann's "Fünf Stücke im Volkston" of which three recordings are extant. Two are so listed in both catalogues while the third is completely ignored by *Schwann* and oddly dubbed "Stücke im Volkston" by *The Long Player*.

Arrangements pose still other difficulties for the LP compilers. One can only note some of the most obvious gaucheries. "Matinées Musicales" and "Soirées Musicales" by Rossini are credited by *The Long Player* to Benjamin Britten, the arranger of these suites. *Schwann*, in this year of our Lord, Mozart, lists his Flute Concerto No. 2 and Oboe Concerto (an alternate arrangement) as two separate works. The weirdest treatment of all is the dual listing of Handel's "Passacaglia" for violin and viola in *The Long Player*. This work was arranged from a movement in one of Handel's harpsichord suites by Johann Halvorsen. One of the two available recordings is left to the composer but the other is credited to Halvorsen and played by Heifetz (violin), Primrose (viola), *and* Feuermann (cello) (!), the trio heard in Mozart's Divertimento, K. 563 on the reverse side. *Schwann*, neutral as ever, gainsays the work's existence.

Composers (and record collectors) are not the only victims of the compilers' caprices. The performers have their cross to bear also. You will be glad to know, according to *Schwann*, that Concert Hall's version of Mozart's Flute Concerto No. 2 features flute (?) and orchestra (?), which is certainly a surprise to me (and the unidentified performers). Sometimes, they don't even bother to mention the fact that there is another selection on the record, which gives the unaware buyer the impression that this release is overpriced.

The sprinkling of black diamonds in the pages of *Schwann* heralds the appearance of its celebrated listings of record deletions. Surprisingly, there is often a disparity between *Schwann* and *The Long Player* on this point, and since the latter is based upon an immense inventory of Sam Goody I am more inclined to accept this judgment as final. The record-makers could clear up this question for the benefit of the nostalgic ones among us.

All these quirks are, of course, facets of the number one problem confronting the cataloguer today: how to best utilize space without resorting to microfilm print. It is not an easy task by any means but far from impossible. A good model to follow is the catalogue of British LPs issued by *The Gramophone*, England's leading record magazine.

THE *Gramophone*'s catalogue, by separating a composer's works into convenient categories (opera, chamber music, orchestral works, etc.), obviates the necessity for listing many records twice as is too prevalent in our catalogues. They are also able to include the complete contents of mixed recital programs because of this added space, a tremendous advantage. *Schwann* used to occasionally print detailed discographies, one composer to an issue, and *The Long Player* once assembled a Bela Bartok memorial issue, but this service lies dormant now. A great deal more attention to small details is called for on this side of the Atlantic.

It's time to streamline, Messrs. Schwann and Goody! What say you? I am half-tempted to have a go at it myself for I find that my notes are rapidly approaching the proportions of (horror of horrors) a catalogue of its own.

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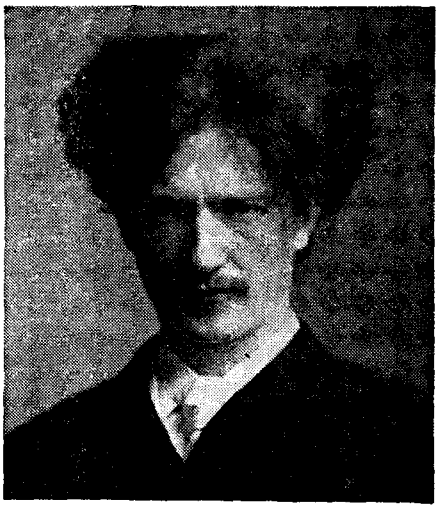
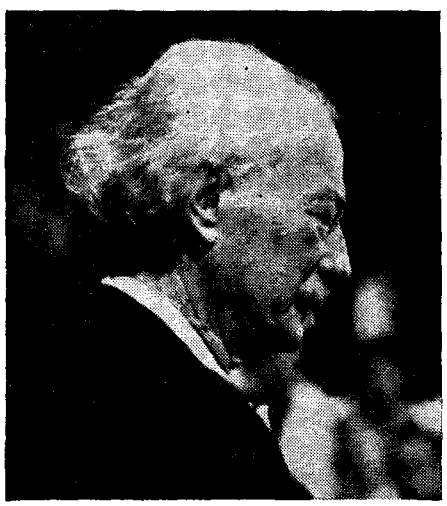


As a youthful virtuoso.

Conversing with wife and Jackie Coogan.



—*Culver.*

In the late 1930s.

THE ART OF PADEREWSKI

By ABRAM CHASINS

IT WAS after the First World War at a conference of the League of Nations that Paderewski and Georges Clemenceau met for the first time. "You are M. Paderewski, the great pianist?" asked Clemenceau. Paderewski responded with a modest, courtly bow. "And now," continued Clemenceau, "you are the Premier of Poland." Again Paderewski bowed. "My, my," said Clemenceau with a deep sigh. "What a comedown."

Although the Tiger of France was half-joking, he could be said to have overlooked the crux of Paderewski's triumphant career. Had Paderewski been just a pianist he never could have been the musician or the man he was, nor could he have aroused the frenzied adulation of his vast and international public. Apart from his piano-playing, this patriotic and glamorous Pole was a world citizen. To everything and everybody he brought a princely manner, a trained mind, and a broadly humanized heart.

Paderewski had all the ingredients of a public idol. No one found it possible to be coolly objective about him. The American critic Henry T. Finck, who wrote of Paderewski as of a deity, once added a nervous and revealing footnote addressed to piano students: "If your teacher sneers at Paderewski, leave him at once." When someone raved to the pianist Alfred Reisenauer about Paderewski's remarkable versatility and general culture, his ability to converse brilliantly on any subject and in any language, Reisenauer said, "Oh, yes. Paderewski knows everything—except music."

Clearly, there was no middle ground. People either worshiped Paderewski or dismissed him as a musical charlatan. I became one of the worshipers, but not immediately and not at one of his concerts. I first heard him when I was a tot, and the experience meant nothing at all to me. Again I heard him when I was eleven, and though I was still too young to appreciate the man's art I do recall a full appreciation of the hysteria it evoked and being swept along in the mad enthusiasm.

A few years later I was invited by Ernest Urchs, an executive of Steinway and Sons, to play the traditional Wagner and Mendelssohn marches at his daughter's wedding. It was a brilliant occasion, and almost every pianist of note was there. I thought everyone had arrived and I was seated at the piano waiting for a signal to begin. Suddenly I heard a stir, felt something electric in the atmosphere, and noticed every eye riveted on something behind me. Turning around quickly, I saw Paderewski standing in the doorway. I shall never forget that leonine authority, that quiet dignity and regal poise—the way this man's presence illuminated that room crowded with his most celebrated colleagues, as though a blinding light had been turned on.

Immediately after the ceremony, the happy throng besieged the bridal party. Before I had a chance to rise from the piano bench, Paderewski came right over, bent and kissed me on the forehead and said, "You played beautifully. I am deeply moved. Thank you, dear boy."

What courtliness, what greatness of heart! The sanctified spot remained unwashed for a week and if not for parental pressure would have stayed that way indefinitely. I shall never forget him, never stop loving that generous soul. That was the man's overwhelming power and it poured into every note he played.

Paderewski generated that same quality from a platform to hundreds of thousands or perhaps millions who never met him. Attending a Paderewski concert was a human rather than musical experience. One felt like an invited guest at a palatial soirée. Paderewski was the gallant host. He greeted you with a regal grace. You, in turn, were caught up in a collective passion for this captivating personality who brought glory not only to himself but to all who paid him homage. There were few present who were not mesmerized long before Paderewski placed a finger on the keyboard.

But this is not the whole story. Paderewski was never the pianist's pianist. His colleagues were too busy counting his "clinkers" and ridiculing his old-school exaggerations to catch Paderewski's world-spirit. Moreover, a sorcerer who hypnotized his audiences, a hero whose reddish-golden locks were snipped by beautiful women and publicized like a patent medicine, a knight in shining armor who rode forth in a special railroad car built according to his own design and appointed with kingly splendor complete to grand piano, tuner, valet,

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secretary, and chef—such a man was bound to predispose many against his flamboyant victories.

WHAT kind of a pianist was Paderewski? It is a good question, and RCA Victor has now enabled us to answer it more objectively by issuing "The Art of Paderewski" on an LP Camden disc (310, $1.98) containing fourteen performances recorded late in Paderewski's career. Chopin, Schumann, and Beethoven provided the bulk of Paderewski's repertory and all are represented here.

Five Chopin works immediately demonstrate Paderewski's primary musical and pianistic characteristics. In the "Revolutionary Etude," Paderewski's frankly Byronic romanticism serves the heroic sweep of this classic admirably. The playing has an irresistible vitality, momentum, and eloquence. The pianist who could play this way had a rich imagination, could think for himself, and make things come out his way.

The A flat Prelude, C sharp minor Waltz, and Etude in the same key from op. 25, all emerge as examples of old-fashioned playing with its best and worst features. Largesse, warmth, and the power of evocation are apparent throughout; and so are textual liberties, rhythmic distortion, and maudlin sentimentalities that loom today as tasteless theatricalities. The "Black Key Etude" is heard at practice tempo. It is an attempt at a virtuoso piece by a man no longer a virtuoso. By a man, we ought to remember, who had sacrificed years of daily practice to found a Republic, no less.

Schumann's "Warum" discloses Paderewski's beautiful tone and poetic feeling. It also discloses the unhappy traits of melodramatic expressivity—the agonized cantilena, the torn-to-tatters meter, the hands played one before another.

The first movement of Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" is tonally luscious and the treatment of the left hand is especially sensitive and meaningful. Yet, again, there is present no small violation of sentiment and simplicity.

Stojowski's "By the Brookside" is completely authoritative and beautifully played, full of freshness and flow, as is Liszt's F minor Concert Etude with a voluptuously enchanting coda composed, I suspect, by Paderewski himself.

Debussy's "Minstrels" finds Paderewski on unfamiliar ground. It is not his kind of piece. He labors over it and misses its humor and implications. Although stylistically not much more authentic, Paderewski's performances of two pieces by an earlier French master, Couperin's "La Bandolin" and "Le Carillon," are touchingly tender.

A cartoon by Spy in London's *Vanity Fair*, dated December 28, 1899.

Paderewski's playing at its best was a dream of noble unity and tonal beauty. These attributes are most convincingly displayed here, complete with old-master effects, in a moving performance of his own Nocturne in B flat.

Here, then, are the sounds of Paderewski. Musically and instrumentally they are reliable replicas of his playing when he was no longer in his prime. But the most important element is absent. Paderewski was the kind of pianist whose inspiring presence was imperative to a fully-realized communication of his art. So, I imagine, was Liszt.

Such magnetism is not to be shrugged off. It is an elusive and unique power, given to few. And it goes into the making of music as well as into the making of a career. It is not always artistic excellence that carries us out of ourselves, that makes us know that we have experienced something, that something deep within us has been stirred.

If, as Duse said, art is the communication of ecstasy, Paderewski was a supreme artist.

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THE AMEN CORNER

Christmas Decibels

IN THE matter of Christmas suggestions, I would first suggest a good deal of searching as to the musical nature of one's friends. It is all too easy to find that a gift record, even under a headily fragrant tree, soon becomes a subject of revolting controversy. Or, worse yet, that the receiver, having at last succeeded in removing the exquisite wrapping, manages never to mention the disc again. I myself am particularly tender in this last regard. It is much better to argue around the plum pudding than to survey a number of drawn Gothic faces, like an old portal in Brittany. At any rate, I have tried hereunder to give a certain amount of aid in the Christmas dilemma.

FOR RENFREW, who likes his jazz refined: "Grand Encounter" brings together five masters of delicacy and elegance, two from the Atlantic coast and three from the Pacific. They are John Lewis, piano; Percy Heath, bass; Bill Perkins, tenor sax; Jim Hall, guitar; and Chico Hamilton, drums. They will not upset an uncle's doze before the fire, but if he wakes and is alert, he may not doze again. Especially if he is fond of such old favorites as "Love Me or Leave Me," "I Can't Get Started," "Skylark" and "Almost Like Being in Love." The piano of Mr. Lewis is, as usual, one of the most meditative things in jazz, and the other boys closely follow his thought (Pacific Jazz 1217). Chico Hamilton is to be heard in even quieter circumstances, surrounded merely by Jim Hall or Howard Roberts, guitar, and George Duvivier, bass. The numbers are mostly originals, and it is fascinating to observe here how Chico's drums play an almost melodic function in the trio. This man can derive from the drums something of the rustling magic of an insect choir, and he is definitely not recommended to admirers of culverin and bombardon methods—albeit he can apply power when he wishes (Pacific Jazz 1220). The suave, beautifully turned works of Lennie Niehaus, alto sax, have many admirers including myself, and there is another batch of them with Bill Perkins, tenor sax and flute; Jimmy Giuffre, baritone sax; Stu Williamson, trumpet and valve trombone; Buddy Clark, bass; and Shelly Manne, drums. The interplay of these men is full of lovely linear stuff, and if Niehaus sometimes seems limited as to mood (mainly a clean, flowing exuberance) he is usually very rewarding in detail (Contemporary C3524).

FOR SYLVESTER, who wants his jazz socko: The modern school known as "hard bop" can certainly be stony at its worst, but at its best I would prefer to call it muscular. There is a great deal of flexing in "Pairing Off," in which the pairs, in a fine mixture of competition and cooperation, are the alto saxes Phil Woods and Gene Quill, and the trumpets Kenny Dorham and Donald Byrd. Their rhythm section consists of Tommy Flanagan, piano; Douglas Watkins, bass; and Philly Joe Jones, drums (Prestige LP 7047). One of the most inventive of the "hard bop" group—with a rare gift for loosely eccentric rhythm—is Sonny Rollins, tenor sax. The title of his newest LP, "Tenor Madness," should not be taken too literally, for he can soothe as well as steam. He has such first rate assistance as Philly Joe Jones and Red Garland, piano (Prestige LP 7047).

FOR PAUL, who prefers piano: The phenomenal pianist Art Tatum who died this month had recently issued a set of eight standards with Buddy De Franco, clarinet. I have always been among those who were astonished by Tatum's mastery of chordal manipulation and fantastic technique, while at the same time they found his almost incessant elaboration altogether too rococo. In certain middle tempo numbers of the new disc, such as "Deep Night" and "Once In a While," he seems to me to be at his most felicitous, and Franco as well. In any event, the set is a fitting memorial to a dazzling artist (ARS G-412). The pianist Randy Weston has joined forces with Cecil Payne, baritone sax, and produces a number of original exercises on old themes. Weston is the fertile sort of inventor who can find wholly new and seductive possibilities in "I Can't Get Started With You," and this LP seems to me the most delightful he has made—winding up with his own charming waltz in honor of his son, "Little Niles" (Riverside RLP 12-214).

FOR BASIL, who believes in blues shouting. One of the best shouters on record is Joe Turner, whom John Hammond introduced to New York at Carnegie Hall in 1938. Turner has lately been absent from records, but a new LP does much to atone for the fact. The numbers are mostly vintage items projected in Turner's purest Kansas City style—all urge, no bathos—and behind the singer is a grand squad of players (Atlantic 1234).

FOR CEDRIC, who wants to go to Condon's: If jazz bands, like clipper ships, were partly judged by their figureheads, none would be found to compare with Wild Bill Davison, front center in Eddie Condon's Catharsis Boys of West 4th Street, New York. Davison's face, infernal and yet somewhat angelic, is one to stop the entire New England Whaling Museum. And his cornet style, while it is based on the poetics of midland Chicago, has its own relation to harpooning. A great deal of him can be heard this month, in very seaworthy company, on one new LP and two deserving collections of re-issues. The new LP is by the Condon forces, a pungent nosegay of such unpressed flowers as "I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter," "I'm Confessin'" and "Sometimes I'm Happy" (Columbia CL 881). Then there is a program of Davison in part-ballad style renditions of such tunes as "Just a Gigolo" and "Yesterdays"—and Wild Bill can be a very ardent man where sentimental song is concerned. On the other side he reverts to punchy Chicagoese (Riverside RLP 12-211).

Finally, there is some of his work with Sidney Bechet, soprano saxophone, and Albert Nicholas, clarinet, including a superb "Dardanella." Here the reverse side features Nicholas with the pianists James P. Johnson and Don Ewell in a set of New Orleans delicacies with heavy Creole flavoring. These have long been among my chamber jazz favorites (Riverside RLP 12-216).

FOR PERCY, who is passionate about Porter. Several days ago, in the course of seeing a kidney specialist off for Europe, I encountered for the first time the LP of Cole Porter's score for the new motion picture "High Society." Porter's tunes have often been "sleepers." That is, they have registered harder and harder the more you heard them. In this case I surrendered at once to "You're Sensational" (sung by Frank Sinatra), "I Love You, Samantha" (Bing Crosby) and "Mind If I Make Love to You" (Sinatra). This is the romantic Porter vein (with his usual sly quirks), rather than the virtuoso versifying I have scarcely been able to take the disc off the machine (Capitol W750).

—WILDER HOBSON.

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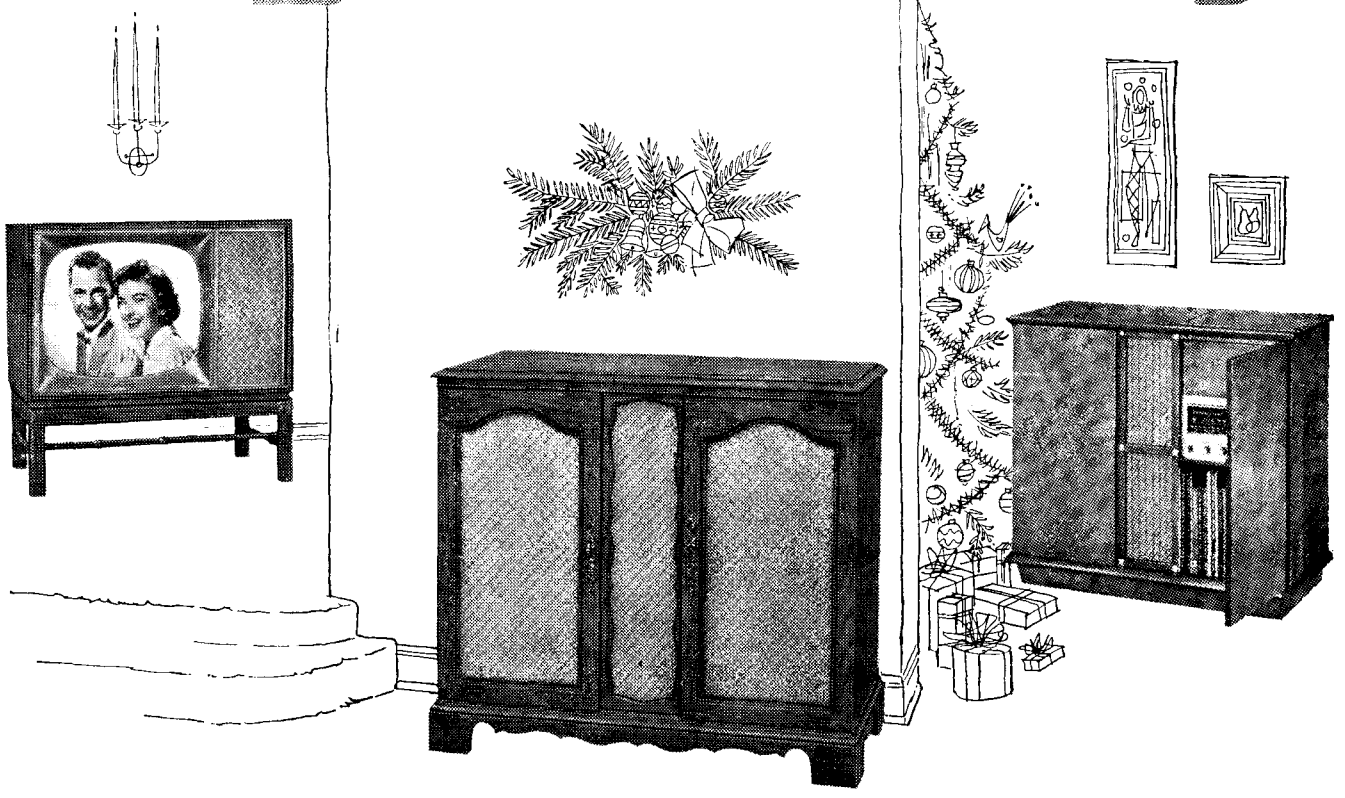

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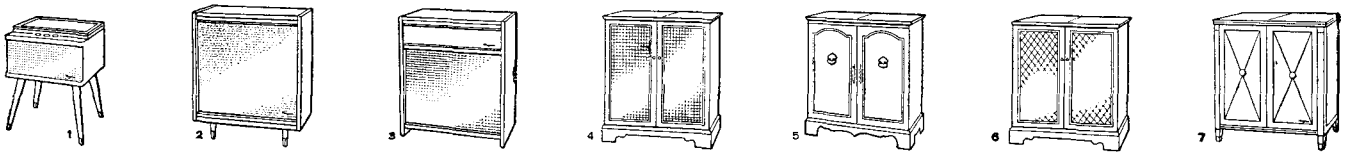

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Recordings in Review

"Iberia" Completed

ALBENIZ: *"Iberia," orchestrated by E. F. Arbós and Carlos Surinach. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra.* Columbia M2L-237, $7.96.

WHOEVER a) conceived the idea of completing the work of orchestrating these pieces which Arbós left incomplete in 1927, b) prevailed upon Surinach to do the job is entitled to liberal thanks from music-lovers and a bow, if he is so disposed. (The honor, apparently, belongs to Surinach himself, encouraged by the Associated Music Publishers.) As is well known, Arbós tried to persuade Albeniz himself to do the orchestration, but the composer never got to do it. Arbós then selected "Evocación," "El Puerto," "El Corpus en Sevilla" (also known as "Fete-Dieu a Seville"), "Triana," and "El Albaicin" for the material of what has since become a widely-played suite.

In completing the series of twelve pieces by providing similar treatment for "Rondeña," "El Polo," "Lavapiés," "Almeria," "Malaga," "Jerez," and "Eritaña," Surinach has been both modest and wise in allowing those orchestrated by Arbós to stand as they were. It is improbable that he could have improved on their generally excellent qualities, and in striving to be different he might have had the same difficulty Lucien Calliet confronted in orchestrating Moussorgsky's "Pictures" after Ravel. That is, the preordained, inevitable coloration had already been pre-empted by Ravel, and he had to settle on an alternate which was often inferior.

Here, however, Surinach has had ample opportunity to exercise his ingenuity in such fine works as "El Polo," "Almeria," "Malaga," and "Jerez," with results that are both delightful and expressive. As record collectors know, "Fete-Dieu a Seville" has been a Philadelphia Orchestra specialty almost as long as there has been an orchestration of it, and they take to the rest of the pieces like gourmets to a well-prepared meal. Ormandy's accents are not always what a specialist like Argenta would provide, but the composite—a superb performance with much relevant spirit—is a hardly resistible one. The reproduction, not only in the dazzling climaxes but in the low-level effects of such a piece as "Lavapiés," is top quality.

—James Abresch.

Surinach—"entitled to liberal thanks."

New Concertos for Violin

BLISS: *Concerto for Violin. Alfredo Campoli, violin, with the composer conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra.* London LL 1398, $3.98.

ROZSA: *Concerto, Spohr: Concerto in A minor ("Gesangzcene"); Tchaikovsky: Sérénade Mélancolique. Jascha Heifetz, violin, with orchestras conducted by Walter Hendl, Izler Solomon and Alfred Wallenstein.* RCA Victor LM 2027, $3.98.

THERE IS not a great deal to equate these works by Bliss and Rozsa save that both will be heard by many for the first time from these recordings (Heifetz introduced the latter to the world in Dallas last winter, and Campoli was the performer when the Bliss work had its BBC premiere in 1953). What is perhaps even more revolutionary is that each treats the violin as a lyric instrument, something that such eminent men of this century as Bartok, Schoenberg, and Stravinsky chose not to, and both rank high in playability.

Thus, one may echo the praise for Rozsa's effort, so far as suitability to the instrument, sure arrangement of elements, and thoroughgoing realization are concerned. To put it beside such products of our time as the works of Prokofiev and Sibelius (as some have) seems to me a little excessive, for it clears no paths, burns no bridges behind it. However, in satisfying the needs of virtuosity (it was written for Heifetz) it does not sacrifice compositional self-respect. Heifetz plays it with pride of ownership and a full measure of his rich resources. For my taste, the latter are applied with even more rewarding outcome in the Spohr, one of the great performances of a great career. The recording, however, has the close-up, in-a-box sound associated with too many West Coast undertakings. The Rozsa and Tchaikovsky (wonderfully played) are both better recordings.

There will be no pretension to placing Bliss's score in any perspective of his career, for we have simply not had the opportunity to gather more than a fragmentary impression of that career. For what it is worth, this strikes me as the best work of Bliss I have ever heard—the three movements beautifully contrasted, studded with fine songful ideas elaborated with refinement and skill. Campoli's silky, fastidious style is perfectly suited to it, the outcome—under the composer's participation—not to be termed profound but wholly enjoyable. The space remaining on side II is filled with a "Theme and Cadenza" from a film score by Bliss. The recording is all that one would expect of London.

Iron Curtain Schubert

SCHUBERT: *"Octet." David Oistrakh, violin, Peter Bondarenko, violin, Mikhail Terian, viola, Sviatoslav Knushevitzky, cello, Joseph Gertovich, double bass, Vladimir Sorokin, clarinet, Joseph Stidel, bassoon, and Jacob Shapiro, French horn.* Angel 35362, $4.98.

IT IS NEVER wise to draw a general conclusion from a specialized instance, but there seems good reason for regarding this recording as a sociological document as well as a performance of music. That is to say, if the actions of eight men performing a classic of the chamber-music literature may be considered typical of the society in which they exist, such a conclusion is permissible.

At first contact, it seems a chamber-music performance like any other qualified one—possessed of elements to be termed good or ill according to one's taste. The players, beginning with the peerless Oistrakh, are all masters of their instruments, and there is no unseemly domination of the ensemble by any one in terms either of fame or the power of his instrument. The musical niceties are respected, especially those relating to the intonation, rhythmic precision and balance.

But as the movements accumulate it seems rather clear that the musicians are deficient in the one element that is life or death in such a work as this: a personalized feeling for the idiom, an identification with the heartbreak and eloquence that Schubert poured into his expression. It all tends to be rather neutral, non-com-

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Dolores Perez—"pretty female voice."

municative, and thereafter uninteresting. These lacks are especially evident in the slow movements, where the expressive patterns pass from one player to the other, and a rather sombre monotony of impulse prevails. Reverting to the initial statement above, conformity may become not only a frame but also a vise when it has been imposed long enough. However, the performance has its own special kinds of interest, the Russian-made tape being one of the best sounding yet to emerge from that country.

Toscanini's Cherubini

CHERUBINI: *Mass in C minor. Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra and the Shaw Chorale.* RCA Victor LM 2000, $3.98.

THOSE WHO RECALL this Toscanini performance of February 18, 1950 as one of the greater glories of a career filled with glories need no longer doubt their recollections. By some means known only to those involved the tape has yielded a quality of reproduction suitable to the majesty of the performance. And in a work whose effect has much to do with the widest possible dynamic contrast, the low level pianissimo is as clearly audible as the full blasting forte.

The qualities of Cherubini are somewhat difficult to isolate, for he was as much a composite of his time as any composer could be. Born ten years before Beethoven (whose admiration for him is well known), he merged an Italian background with influences of Paris and Vienna. In this mass, dating from the latter part of his life, there are overtones of Beethoven and anticipations of Verdi, organized with a meticulous sense of detail fitting the man who ruled the Paris Conservatory from 1822 until his death twenty years later.

Perhaps it is the irony of fate that, at his best, Cherubini sounds more like Beethoven than like any other composer. For the world can accommodate only one composer with that sense of tragic nobility and gravity of utterance, no matter how strongly individual it might be in another. The more thanks, then, to Toscanini for putting his strong feeling for this music into permanent form where those who will can absorb it at leisure. The Shaw Chorale sustains its burden (there are no solo voice parts) with distinction, and the orchestra is an ever-responsive extension of the conductor's purpose.

Warm Wind from the South

LECUONA: *"Rosa La China," "Maria la O," and "El Cafetal." All recorded with Orquesta de Camara de Madrid under the direction of Felix Guerrero.* Montilla 75, 73, 77, each $4.98.

"ZARZUELAS" and Ernesto Lecuona are both reasonably well-known in this country—the former from a wide variety of examples tendered on records, the latter from a wide variety of melodious delights ranging from "Malaguena" to such adaptations of original pieces as those circulated in this country under the titles of "The Breeze and I" and "Green Eyes." But the combination of elements presented on these three discs may well result in a vogue.

Whether called "Rosa La China" (who inhabits one of the best houses in Havana), "Maria la O" (a period piece of Havana in 1800), or "El Cafetal" (concerned with a coffee plantation of the early nineteenth century), the Lecuona "zarzuela" provides a succession of melodic, rhythmic, and coloristic delights strung on the slim strand of whatever story is involved. With or without recourse to the text (and Montilla can be complimented for including the original words and a translation with each), one is wholly beguiled by the mere sequence of musical ideas.

Generally speaking, they conform to the taste of the best "musicals" written in this country—Rodgers, Porter, Gershwin—but are pitched on a somewhat more demanding level, where vocalists and orchestra are concerned. But they are certainly as assimilable as "South Pacific" or "Kiss Me Kate," and in a year when the Broadway stage shows neither, the extended acquaintance with Lecuona is doubly welcome. For those who fear that one or the other might exhaust the composer's appeal, it is worth mentioning that each has its own character related to the particular background involved, and that precious little duplication—or little precious duplication—exhausts. They leave little doubt that Lecuona is one of the great melodists now alive anywhere.

So far as performance is concerned, the qualities throughout are wholly consistent, thanks not only to the indicated supervision of Felix Guerrero, but also to the participation of a "stock company" varying little from one work to the other. Dolores Perez is the principal female voice (and a pretty one) in the three works, with Luis Sagi-Vela, Luis de Cordoba, and Maño Lopez likewise among the participants. For the in-between mood, when all familiar things are unwanted, the Lecuona "zarzuela" could be the answer, especially as the recording in these examples is reasonably close to contemporary expectations.

Bach by Jambor

BACH: *Partitas. Agi Jambor, piano.* Capitol PBR 8344, $7.96. *Chromatic Fantasy, "Concerto in the Italian Style," Prelude, Fugue and Allegro in E flat, Prelude and Fugue in A minor. The same.* Capitol P 8348, $3.98.

PLAINLY, CAPITOL has a high opinion of a performer to whom they have allotted the opportunities indicated above, and the quoted views of Bruno Walter, likewise her position of prominence at the Peabody Conservatory in Baltimore, attest to a general esteem. Clarity, discipline, and excellent interaction of the contrapuntal lines in these masterful works are all to Mme. Jambor's credit, and yet I find them curiously disaffecting.

It is clear enough that she shuns use of the pedal and most other coloristic devices possible on the contemporary piano in pursuit, no doubt, of a mental ideal of purity. The result falls somewhere between the authenticity of Landowska and the personalized appeal of a Harold Samuel or Gieseking. It tends to the didactic and the pedantic, which seems to me a tendency to be resisted, no matter how pure the motivation.

When it comes to such works as the "Chromatic Fantasy" and the "Concerto in the Italian Style," Mme. Jambor's kind of underplaying strikes me as robbing them of a dimension to which they are entitled. Inasmuch as this outcome is a product of consideration and mature judgment, one can only admire the reflection and study that have gone into the finished product. But the breath of life that must be present to animate any musical concept is, for my taste in Bach, woefully lacking. The neutral, unresonant sound of her piano has been successfully reproduced.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bartok: "Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta." Sir Adrian Boult conducting. Westminster XWN, 18237, $4.98. Ferenc Fricsay conducting the RIAS Symphony Orchestra. Decca DL 9747, $3.98.	Westminster's sensitivity to sound values pays particular dividends in this remarkably translucent representation of Bartok's score. No previous recording has given so much of the uncommon texture as this one, though others—including the Fricsay—have made more of its intensity and fervor. The German recording suffers from lack of definition, an inclination to fuzzy string sound. Both accessory works (with Boult it is the "Divertimento for Strings," with Fricsay the "Dance Suite") are well performed.
Beethoven: Concerto in D. Jascha Heifetz, with the Boston Symphony conducted by Charles Munch. RCA Victor LM 1992, $3.98.	A performance such as only Heifetz can give, which, since it is well reproduced, is as much as many will care to know. Others, however, may be interested to know that it is in the strenuous mood of the performances Heifetz was giving "live" last season, in the first movement especially. The slow movement is beautifully played, the finale taken at an accelerated Heifetz-pace. Munch's treatment of the score has symphonic status. The Auer-Heifetz cadenzas are reasonably brief.
Berlioz: "Harold in Italy." The Berlin Philharmonic conducted by Igor Markevitch, with Heinz Kirchner, viola. Decca DL 9841, $3.98.	Strong, well articulated performance, in a straightforward vigorous style. Kirchner, leader of the orchestra's viola section, is thoroughly qualified for his duties, and the recording, though somewhat shallow in room sound, has good balance. Altogether, the performance lacks the personal qualities provided by Toscanini or Beecham.
Corelli: "Concerti Grossi" (opus 6 No. 4, 7, 8, 9, 10). I Musici. Epic LC 3264, $3.98.	Vividly musical, superbly tonal performances by the youthful ensemble. All the works are rewarding (Nos. 7, 8, 9 are included on a disc by the "Societa Corelli") and if No. 8 (the "Christmas Concerto") is outstanding, it is attributable to the best-sounding performance of it since Bruno Walter's memorable one with the LSO. Fine Epic sound.
Corelli: Suite for Strings, Rossini: Sonata (C major). Giovanni di Bella conducting the Hamburg Philharmonic. Telefunken LGM 65031, $2.98.	As well as arousing admiration for the playing of the German strings, the disc stirs some curiosity about the otherwise unknown conductor. His management of the Corelli—warm, precise, delicate—commands interest, likewise the effective delivery of the Rossini. Worth investigating.
Debussy: "Iberia," "La Mer," and "L'Après-midi d'un Faun." Paul Paray conducting the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. Mercury MG 50101, $3.98.	Some of the most satisfactory sound yet contrived on records in these minutely colored works, thanks largely to the excellent teamwork among Paray, his fine orchestra and the engineers. "Iberia" profits particularly from his sense of pace and coloration, "La Mer" lacking something of the climactic drama provided by Toscanini.
Debussy: "Le Martyre de Saint-Sebastian." The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Charles Munch conducting with Florence Kopleff, Catherine Akos, Phyllis Curtin and the New England Conservatory Chorus. RCA Victor LM 2030, $3.98.	Given sufficient time, even a cliche can come to have a new meaning, such as the one about a conductor being an effective spokesman for a musical work. Here Munch is such a spokesman, declaiming eloquently the spoken portions of D'Annunzio's text. The musical presentation is organized with high efficiency and a strong sense of the color values in this score. The singers are not outstanding, but they serve the total purpose well. Excellent reproduction.
Falla: "El Amor Brujo." Marina de Gabarain, mezzo soprano, with Ernest Ansermet conducting the orchestra of the Suisse Romande. Also five short works. London LL 1404, $3.98.	A highly refined treatment of Falla's colorful score, if one that is somewhat lacking in all the dynamic drive it contains. Gabarain has a good sense of the style, but insufficient vocal resource, especially in the lower register. On side two Ansermet provides a lively sequence of mostly transcriptions: "Danza espanola" from "La Vida Breve," "Gopak" from Moussorgsky's "Fair at Sorochinski," the Chabrier "Habanera," Debussy's "Marche ecossaise," and "Clair de lune." Superior sound throughout.
Haydn: Symphony No. 100 in G ("Military"). Hermann Scherchen conducting. Westminster W LAB 7024, $7.50.	Lest this seem out of place among new releases, it may be noted as a new version with the English personnel called the "Philharmonic-Symphony" of London (there is no such thing). Scherchen delivers substantially the same performance as before, with louder drums, clearer triangles and clangier cymbals for those to whom such aural spice is more important than the taste of what is being served. In all, a more self-conscious effort than its predecessor, and not superior to it in musical content.
Schubert: Symphony No. 5, Incidental music to "Rosamunde." Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt conducting the Northwest Germany Radio Orchestra. Capitol P 18021, $3.98.	Lyrical, well-phrased Schubert, especially in the symphony which recalls Schmidt-Isserstedt's affinity for Haydn (a composer whose models seem close to Schubert's consciousness here). The "Rosamunde" excerpts lack an overture, and do not add to as much as those presented in versions by Furtwaengler and Leinsdorf. Rather thick, bass-emphasized recording.
Schumann: Symphony No. 3 ("Rhenish"). Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 2048, $3.98.	A strong performance (where strength is required) and an affecting one throughout, this dates to the early winter of 1949, when NBC broadcasts were still originating in Studio 8H. The shrill strings and nasal brass are only too vividly reminiscent of what musical sound in that Toscanini era was like. It is hardly a pleasure today.
Strauss, R.: "Rosenkavalier" suite, Strauss, J.: "Tales from the Vienna Woods." Artur Rodzinski conducting. Westminster LAB 7025, $7.50.	Sumptuous sounding treatment by Rodzinski of the suite arranged in 1945, and containing substantially more music than the earlier, more familiar one. Rodzinski's high repute in the music of both Strausses is amply sustained by his accomplishments here, save for that aspect of the reproduction which puts a premium on ear catching detail.
Stravinsky: "Pulcinella" suite and "Song of the Nightingale." Ernest Ansermet conducting the Suisse Romande Orchestra. London LL 1494, $3.98.	Inasmuch as Ansermet was in charge of both premieres (1919-1920) which introduced these works to the world, his surehanded clarification of the textures of each need hardly be surprising. This clarification is especially interesting in "Pulcinella," bringing to attention techniques of expression and modes of thought that recur in the much later "Rake's Progress." The "Nightingale" is a dazzling agglomeration of details in a brightly colored whole. The texture and grain of this sound is particularly smooth. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Agi Jambor **8344**

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BACH: *CHROMATIC FANTASY AND FUGUE, AND OTHER WORKS*, Agi Jambor **8348**

BEETHOVEN: *CONCERTO No. 3*
Ventsislav Yankoff; N.W.D.R. Orchestra; Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt, conductor **18002**

LECUONA: *ANDALUCIA SUITE*
ALBENIZ: *CANTOS DE ESPANA*
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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Ben-Haim: Sonata. Richter: Sonata, Menahem Pressler, piano. M-G-M 3244, $3.98.	The pianist's sizable equipment is in excellent order for these two works, both written for him (so far as the annotation discloses), not previously performed. The Ben-Haim score (he is a German-born native of Israel) is impressively well thought out, organized with sense and purpose, also expressive content. That of Miss Richter strikes me as more concerned with externals, a sound pattern rather too consciously "different" for conviction. M-G-M merits gratitude for its blessing on this unconventional venture. Good piano sound.
Brahms: Hungarian Dances. Alfred Brendel and Walter Klien, piano four-hands. VOX PL 9640, $4.98.	A long overdue documentation of the favorite dances in their original form, after countless quantities of transcriptions. Though unknown to me and unidentified on the record jacket, Brendel and Klien perform with admirable spirit, polished ensemble and a thorough understanding of what the music is about. Fine sound too.
Debussy: "Suite Bergamasque," "Estampes," "Children's Corner." Rudolf Firkusny, piano. Capitol P 8350, $3.98.	Neat, not to say fastidious, performance by Firkusny of a repertory with which he has not had too much previous identification. The "Suite Bergamasque" (aside from "Clair de lune") is rather bland in its colorations, without the wash of sound it merits. However, Firkusny attains a considerable flexibility of sound and eloquence of expression in "Estampes," especially in "Jardins sous la pluie." The total impression is that Firkusny has both the imagination and the equipment to play such music with distinction, but hasn't yet mastered the problem of projection. The sound is clear and a little percussive.
Debussy: First Rhapsody, etc. Reginald Kell, clarinet, with Joel Rosen, piano. Decca DL 9744, $3.98.	One in a series of top grade performances by the peerless clarinetist, whose mastery is as convincing in the "Grand Duo Concertante" of Weber and the "Fantasiestücke" (Op. 73) of Schumann as it is in Debussy. The recording, apparently made in an empty concert hall, is several shades too bright for best justice to Kell's sound. It is bitingly clear but lacking roundness.
Dvorak: Quartets (opus 51 in E flat, Opus 96 in F, "American"). Budapest Quartet. Columbia ML 5143, $3.98.	Two spirited performances by the long-established quartet (of which Alexander Schneider is once again second violin). The E flat, with its overtones of Smetana, is a special pleasure. The "American" goes with momentum and power, but with an inordinate amount of cloudy intonation and ragged ensemble for players of the Budapest reputation. Very good sound.
Janácek: Quartet No. 2 ("Intime Briefe"). Mozart: Quartet in G, K. 387. Janácek Quartet. Decca DL 9851, $3.98.	The curious blend of the expressive and the inarticulate that makes up this work is given thorough exposition by the excellent ensemble of Czech players. In the end, one feels that the composer has not said all he is trying to convey, but the experience is absorbing. The overside Mozart is played with a freshness and affection to mark the ensemble as one of the best to appear since the war's end. Good reproduction.
Martin: Monologues from "Jedermann," Schubert: Seven songs. Heinz Rehfuss, baritone, with Frank Martin, piano. London LL 1405, $3.98.	One would have a clearer idea of Martin's accomplishment if the texts and translations of the Hofmannsthal excerpts were provided with the disc. As it is, the synopses leave the listener on the fringe of understanding, admiring the forceful performance of the consecutive-sounding settings, without clear knowledge of their meaning. The Schubert songs, mostly unfamiliar, introduce Martin as a skillful collaborator, especially "Fischerweise" and "Der Wanderer an den Mond." Included in the sequence otherwise are "Gruppe aus dem Tartarus," "Der Strom," "Totengräbers Heimweh," "Auf der Donau," and "Der zürnende Barde."
Mendelssohn: "On Wings of Song," etc. Alfredo Campoli, violin, with Eric Gritton, piano. London LL 1461, $3.98.	Suave, sometimes spirited performances of a dozen plus two of the most popular short pieces in the violinist's repertory. The range is from "Valse Bluette" to Heuberger's "Midnight Bells," with the Fibich "Poeme," Ponce's "Estrellita" and sundry others of the same genre. It is all expertly done, down to the piano accompaniments of Eric Gritton.
Mendelssohn: "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges," etc. Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano, with Gerald Moore, piano. Angel 35383, $4.98.	A vocal parallel to the foregoing, called not "encores" but "Songs You Love." "Drink to me only" is the first, followed by "Plaisir d'amour," "Songs my mother taught me," "Si mes vers avaient des ailes" (Hahn), "None but the lonely heart," "Ich liebe dich" (Grieg), the Strauss "Wiegenlied"—beautifully sung—Sibelius's "Schwarze Rosen," two songs of Wolf ("In dem Schatten meiner Locken" and "Elfenlied"), Jensen's "Murmelndes Lüftchen" and two Swiss folk songs. All the performances are accomplished and some are vocally beautiful, but a little sense of strain and effort remain. Moore's place is somewhat more in the background than is associated with his best work.
Rossini: Sonatas. Solisti di Zagreb, conducted by Antonio Janigro. Vanguard VRS 488, $4.98.	Another demonstration of dazzling musicianship and spirited artistry by the excellent ensemble under Janigro's direction (See RECORDINGS, Sept. 29). The works themselves (also known in versions for string quartet and woodwind ensembles) are well-descended from classic models, though the traits of the composer-to-be are apparent. The reproduction can stand as a model of what string tone should be.
Schubert: "Wanderer" fantasy, Prokofiev: Sonatas Nos. 2 and 3. Gary Graffman, piano. RCA Victor LM 2012, $3.98.	It is good to see so able an American musician as Graffman provided with an opportunity by a major record company and there is much to justify that encouragement in this disc. The Prokofiev sonatas are more urgent and animated in statement than the Schubert, in which sensitivity is somewhat blunted by constraint. Oddly, the seeming complexities of Prokofiev are closer to Graffman than the apparent simplicities of Schubert. A good piano sound, well reproduced.
Wolf: "Italian Serenade," seven other works. Budapest Quartet. Columbia ML 5116, $3.98.	The Wolf piece, though not long, is the lengthiest in a collection given otherwise to single movements from works of Tchaikovsky, Haydn and Borodin (the inescapable ones in these instances), Debussy (Scherzo) Mendelssohn (Canzonetta), Franck (Scherzo), Grieg (Intermezzo), and Schubert (the C minor "Satz"). The quartet has stronger sympathies for some of these than others (Debussy and Mendelssohn are heavier than need be), with the Wolf and Schubert outstanding. —I. K.

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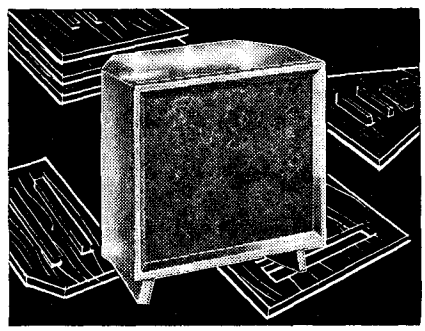

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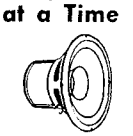

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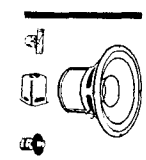

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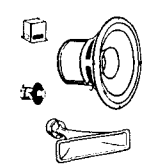

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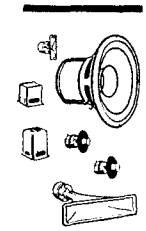

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ORGANS AROUND THE WORLD

By DAVID HEBB

IT IS often said of actors that "everyone wants to play Hamlet." If one draws the conclusion from the frequent new releases of organ music, it could as well be assumed that every organist wants to play Bach, and does. By this time there must surely be enough recordings of the Passacaglia and of the D-Minor Toccata and Fugue to build a bridge from New York to the Thomas-Kirche in Leipzig. While there is no gainsaying the fact that Bach turned out vast quantities of organ music, there are many other works of organ literature that are well worth hearing.

There are Brahms lovers, for example, unaware of the existence of the eleven Choral-Preludes, Opus 122, which are the product of the same period as the Four Serious Songs. And there must be devotees of the Don and fans of the Flute still unacquainted with the superb Mozart craftsmanship as directed to the organ.

Best-seller of contemporary organists is doubtless E. Power Biggs, who has made more Americans than can be counted aware that the pipe organ can be good for more than ushering people out of church. He and Columbia Records have undertaken a number of interesting projects within the past year or two, largely involving the historically interesting instruments of Europe; the latest is a "Mozart Tour," recording Wolfgang's music on the organs that were at one time played by the composer himself. The seven solo works comprise two Fantasias, two Fugues, an Andante with Variations, a Prelude on the familiar "Ave Verum," an Adagio for Glass Harmonica, and an isolated Prelude.

These seven solo works are not quite all, however. When Mozart was organist at the Cathedral in Salzburg, his duties included writing brief works for organ and orchestra, to be played at a convenient point in the service. There are seventeen of these "Organ Sonatas," or "Church Sonatas," and they have been recorded in their original setting, the Salzburg Cathedral, with a duplicate of the Mozart orchestra directed by Bernhard Paumgartner. That they were intended for different occasions in the church year is quite obvious on listening. It is glorious music, impeccably performed and superbly recorded.

This Mozart album (3-12" LP, boxed; K3L-231) is of particular interest to the gourmet of tone color and to the listener who is curious to know the sound of music in Mozart's day. The piano of the twentieth century is a far cry from its 200-year-old grandfather, and, as Mr. Biggs points out, fashions in orchestral sonorities have altered considerably from Mozart's time to ours But the organ of that day still stands ready to speak with the same tonal characteristics it did for the young composer who was kissed by the Queen of France.

As a bonus, Columbia has seen fit to include a booklet, with notes written by Mr. Biggs, generously illustrated with photographs that show the Austrian scene and the organ cases and consoles.

SIZE-CONSCIOUS as we are in this country, it has long been quite a thing for communities to claim the "largest organ." Atlantic City has held a long-term record of this variant of elephantiasis, first with the Junior High School, then with Convention Hall. It seems to be reasonably documented that the largest church organ on this side of the Atlantic is in Boston; the largest in Europe stands in the Cathedral of Passau, where Austria and Germany face each other across the Danube, and is heard in E. Power Biggs's Mozart album. But Boston is the home of the Mother Church of Christ Scientist; an auditorium capable of holding roughly 5,000 persons. Its organ, completed in 1952, possesses upwards of 13,000 pipes in eight divisions. (For the record, an organ can hold its head erect in noble company with less than 2,000 pipes in three divisions.) It also possesses a sound that is the pride and joy of the Aeolian-Skinner people, who built it. Their current release in the "King of Instruments" series (Aeolian-Skinner, Boston, Mass., Volume IX) focuses on this giant among giants, with a varied program played by the regular organist of the Mother Church, Ruth Barrett Phelps. Her choice of tone colors—"registration"—for the Bach Choral-Prelude "In Thee Is Gladness" is especially good. Other classics of organ literature by Buxtehude, Franck, and Widor also appear on this record, as does a work by a

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young American composer from California, Richard Purvis.

One of Bach's best-known Preludes is also one of the two longest: the "St. Anne," in E-flat. The name is the title of the hymn-tune for "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," whose opening bars are the theme of the fugue accompanying the prelude. Usually played in the normal sequence, on occasion they are separated by the music of a "German Organ Mass," designed to be played rather than sung. As Part III of the "Clavierübung" it has been recorded by Carl Weinrich for Westminster (2-12" LP, WN 2205), continuing the plan of having Mr. Weinrich record all the organ music of Bach. Like the Orgelbüchlein, which we mentioned in these pages a few months ago, it was recorded in Sweden on an instrument that would seem to be favorite of Dr. Weinrich's. His performance of the "Organ Mass' makes the third available on LP, following Fritz Heitmann and Helmut Walcha. The Weinrich style is less heavy-handed than either of the Europeans', and superior technically.

Two recordings from France bring us the sound of Paris organs; that of the Cathedral of Notre Dame and of the church of St. Eustache. André Marchal plays some overdressed Bach at St. Eustache—two Preludes and Fugues and two Fantasias and Fugues—and succeeds in overwhelming the listener with a mass of tone that is more suited to nineteenth-century music. (Ducretet-Thomson DTL 93056). Pierre Cochereau, organist of Notre Dame, plays the Second Symphony by Louis Vierne (one of his distinguished predecessors). Although his music appears frequently on organ recital programs, this is almost certainly the first full-length Vierne on LP. The organ was built by Cavaillé-Coll, the great French innovator. (L'Oiseau-Lyre OL50103.)

Max Reger's music has one of its all too infrequent performances at the hands of young Phillip Steinhaus of Michigan. For recording he chose the brilliant instrument of the Church of the Advent, in Boston. One side is devoted to Reger's Variation and Fugue on an Original Theme, Opus 73. The other presents the Bach D-Major Prelude and Fugue and the Toccata, Adagio and Fugue in C Major. (Boston Records, B 700.) Steinhaus has vigor, clarity, and an abundance of technique, all of which are required by the Reger, and which may account for its so long remaining unrecorded. It is modern music with a distinct link to a Teutonic past; provocative, stimulating, and beautifully performed. It is, moreover, well off the beaten path.

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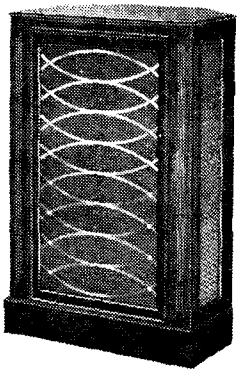

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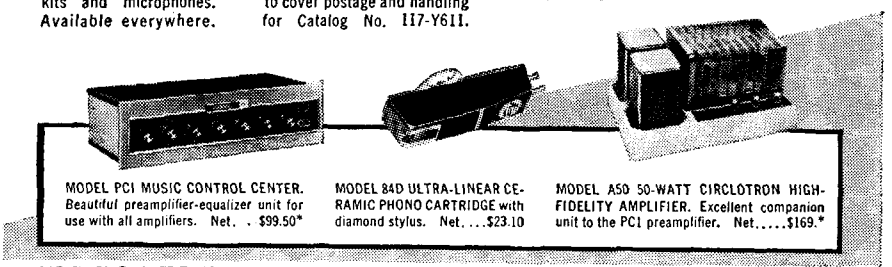

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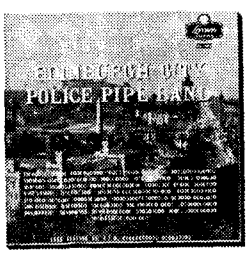

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THE WORLD OF TAPE

Tape and Tape Recordings

THE MECHANICAL characteristics of a tape may make a considerable difference in the performance of a tape recorder. Ten years ago there was no choice: the only tape available was made of rather stiff paper. Now we can choose paper, cellulose acetate, or Mylar (Dupont's trade-marked polyester film).

Paper is practically out of the race for preference as a magnetic recording base. Paper is porous—looked at through a microscope one can see the hills and valleys in its surface. If an undercoating were applied to the paper surface to fill in the valleys and leave a smooth surface, paper could then be coated uniformly with iron oxide. However, this process would be expensive and, although resulting in a smooth-surfaced tape, would also result in a stiff tape, too stiff for most present applications. Paper tape of this type, on the other hand, might be desirable for certain kinds of precision information recording because of the fact that paper stretches only about half as much as cellulose acetate or Mylar. But since it does not conform as well as either of the two plastic base tapes paper is not considered suitable for high-grade sound recording.

Good conformability of tape is a prime necessity for good recording. Tape has to be limp and extremely pliant so that it will conform to the contours of the magnetic heads. A simple test will demonstrate what is meant by "conformability." Snip off about six inches of tape and try to hold it between your thumb and index finger so that it will point straight up. Plastic tape will droop over either your thumb or your index finger. The more closely it droops the better it conforms. The better it conforms, the better (with certain exceptions noted later) it will record and reproduce.

There is another way in which tape flexibility is important to the recordist. Let us say that a clump of coating material or dust protrudes from the surface of the coated side of the tape. When this part of the tape passes over the magnetic head it will be held away from the head by an amount corresponding to the distance the clump of coating material or nodule protrudes. At that point with a thicker, less flexible tape no recording would take place, resulting in what is called a "hole." A thinner, more flexible tape would record much better under the same conditions. The "hole" would be partially filled by recording having taken place along either or both edges of the clump.

Thick tape does not conform as well as thin tape of the same material, nor is it as flexible. On the other hand, thin tape stretches more easily. Where tape stretch is a factor to be considered, use of thicker base tape is indicated.

Tape recorders now in use have been designed to operate with standard one-and-one-half mil (a mil is 1,000th of an inch) base tape. Since the thin tapes (1 mil and the new ½ mil bases) are not as strong as standard tape it is reasonable to expect that they will stretch more easily, or even break, when subjected to excessive strain or stress. The 1½ mil standard tape is at least 33 per cent stronger than 1 mil tape made of the same plastic. What this means to the practical tape recordist is: Reduce tape drive tension at least one-third to use 1 mil tape, and proportionately more to use ½ mil tape. Examine the capstan drive to make certain it will pull the thinner tape without slipping. Unequal braking of the tape reels must be avoided as well as too abrupt starts.

It is a popular misconception that Dupont Mylar tape is not as strong as cellulose acetate. It actually is slightly stronger. But Mylar tape, although more resistant to initial stretching than acetate, elongates to almost twice its original length, when abnormally stressed, before breaking. Acetate tape, on the other hand, snaps before it stretches irreparably.

In at least one respect Mylar is

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immeasurably superior to acetate: it remains pliant under extreme conditions of temperature and humidity. Acetate, on the other hand, is affected adversely by extremely dry or extremely moist conditions; it absorbs and loses moisture. When acetate dries out, it becomes stiff. Try the thumb and index finger test with a length of old acetate tape. The dryer it is the less conformable it will be. Cellulose acetate tape should be kept in air-tight containers so that it will retain its normal moisture content. Or, alternatively, stored in an atmosphere containing about 50 per cent relative humidity at a temperature between sixty and seventy degrees Fahrenheit.

As mentioned in an earlier article, winding or rewinding tape at too high speeds can cause damage to the tape edges, as well as deforming the tape. Thin tapes are more susceptible to this kind of damage than standard tape. Fast winding speed should be limited to 90 inches per second. At speeds above this rate, air becomes momentarily trapped between the tape being wound on the reel and the next layer of tape on the reel. The trapped air causes the tape being wound onto the reel to skid to one side or the other until it is forcibly stopped by hitting the inside of the reel flange. This skidding occurs most frequently in high-speed winding on machines using ten-and-one-half inch diameter metal reels, which have 345 thousandths of an inch space between the metal flanges. One way to avoid this skidding effect is to create, possibly by means of a mechanical air scoop, a low air pressure area at the point where the tape is being wound onto the reel. By this means the tape will be sucked into its proper place without skidding. However, an arrangement of this nature is difficult to make and to keep in operation. A much better method, outside of low-speed rewinding, is to make use of the new plastic ten-and-one-half inch diameter tape reels. These reels restrict tape skidding to a minimum by leaving less space between the reel flanges for sidewise motion. The spacing for the tape between the flanges of the plastic reels is only 280 thousandths of an inch, which leaves only 30 thousandths of an inch for skidding of the tape.

Tape manufacturers, in creating thinner tapes, are making it possible for recording-machine makers to improve their designs by reducing their size. With 1 mil tape 50 per cent more recording time can be accommodated on a reel. With ½ mil tape, 100 per cent more. With increasing use of transistors we soon may have high-quality midget tape recorders.

—Joel Tall.

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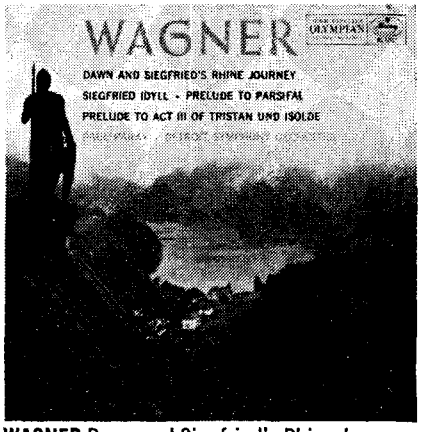
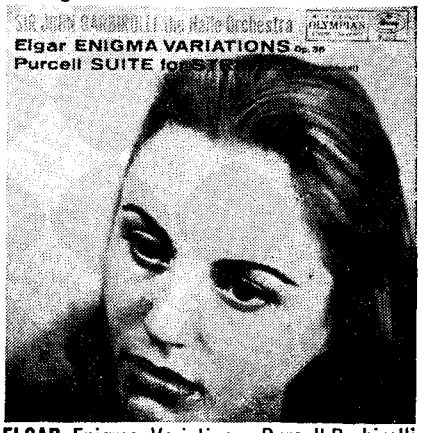


WAGNER Dawn and Siegfried's Rhine Journey; Parsifal Prelude; Prelude to Act III of Tristan and Isolde; Siegfried Idyll. Detroit Symphony, Paray conducting. MG50107

LEAVES FROM THE TALE OF PINOCCHIO
FANTASY VARIATIONS ON A THEME OF YOUTH
THE BRIGHT LAND
EASTMAN-ROCHESTER SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
HOWARD HANSON

HANSON Fantasy Variations on a Theme of Youth; **ROGERS** Leaves from the Tale of Pinocchio; **TRIGGS** The Bright Land. Eastman-Rochester Symphony Orchestra, Hanson conducting. MG50114

MOZART Eine Kleine Nachtmusik; Symphony in C Major ("Linz") K.425. London Symphony Orchestra, Dorati conducting. MG50121



ELGAR Enigma Variations; Purcell-Barbirolli Suite for Strings. Hallé Orchestra, Barbirolli conducting. MG50125

CHRISTMAS CAROLS IN HI-FI. Adeste Fideles, Silent Night, Jingle Bells, Deck the Halls, and others. Carlos Salzedo, harp. MG50116

TCHAIKOVSKY 1812 Overture (original scoring with cannon and bells); Capriccio Italien. Minneapolis Symphony, Dorati conducting. MG50054

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THE OTHER SIDE

HOLIDAY FANFARE

NOVEMBER has brought a rich harvest from EMI, a good crop of DGG and Archive releases, a promissory note from Philips, and from Decca a reminder of the large quantity of Christmas entertainment to be found in its catalogues. Has Decca, pioneer of LP in Britain, reached saturation point? Or could it be that the demands of the pop market —from Liberace to Rock 'n Roll—are on such a scale as to push more enduring fare at least temporarily into the background? Philips make no bones about the fact that, following their recent, concentrated advertising campaign in the national press, the demand for their popular discs has increased to an extent where LPs must, for the moment, take a rear seat. Whatever the reason in Decca's case, the fact remains that, so far, this has been its meagrest autumn season since the introduction of LP.

The current HMV list maintains the trend, previously observed in September, of making hay while the RCA-Victor sun still shines. Well over half the current issue is of transatlantic origin, with the Monteux-directed "Manon" (American-planned but "Made in Europe") not altogether sure of its international status. The U.S. contingent is headed by Toscanini's 1951 performance of the Verdi Requiem, suitably patched with rehearsal material (how ironic to find one of my colleagues refer to the "quiet unaccompanied reprise of the opening 'Requiem Aeternam' in the final section" as "one of the most beautiful moments in the performance . . . Herva Nelli here rises to the occasion"), and by the Maestro's more recent superlative coupling of Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel" and "Tod und Verklärung." Reiner is represented both by his cool, swift performances of Mozart's "Linz" and E-flat Symphonies and by the support he offers to Emil Gilels in Tchaikovsky's B flat minor Concerto. Rubinstein's integral recording of the Chopin Mazurkas will be welcomed both by those who treasured his celebrated pre-war SP set, twenty-eight sides, as against the present six, and also by those of the younger generation who have rightly come to regard him as the most consistently satisfying interpreter of Chopin's music. By comparison, Brailowsky's account of the B minor and B flat minor Sonatas seems almost meretricious in its brittle surface brilliance—an unkind verdict, no doubt, but difficult to avoid after listening to another who is a master musician as well as a virtuoso.

When HMV went through the Victor catalogue with a toothcomb to find material that would bring the old alliance to an end in a blaze of glory, nothing escaped them, not even the one and only Florence Foster Jenkins. Four of her favorite numbers (including "Adele's Laughing Song" and, of course, the aria of the Queen of the Night) appear on a 45-rpm Extended Play disc, and thus an impatient public, whose appetite for records of this unique artist was first awakened some years ago when that celebrated disc-jockey, Sir Thomas Beecham, included Madame Jenkins's Queen of the Night in a program of his personal favorites, is at last able to indulge its taste for vocal Grand Guignol to its heart's content.

HMV's domestic issues follow a fairly familiar pattern, with Beethoven Sonatas played by Solomon (Op. 31, Nos. 2 and 3), a further program of Boccherini chamber music by the Quintetto Boccherini (two complete Quintets from Op. 25, plus two odd movements), an attractive Mozart miscellany comprising the "Nachtmusik" and the Overtures to "Figaro," "Così," and "Zauberflöte" (Philharmonia conducted by Rudolf Kempe), the London Mozart Players under Harry Blech playing Schubert's Third and Sixth Symphonies, a rather curious concerto coupling by Menuhin in which he pairs a surprisingly subdued account of the Sibelius (LPO/Boult) with a lively if not flawless Paganini No. 1 (LSO/Fistoulari), and Joan Hammond offering a gallery of Verdi heroines—Amelia, Violetta, Leonora 1 and 2 ("Trovatore" and "Forza"), Aida, and Nanetta—in their best-loved arias.

But the outstanding contribution to the month's list—the whole list, not just HMV's—is a set of two records devoted to the songs of Beethoven, performed by Fischer-Dieskau. This collection (twenty-nine songs in all, but not including "An die ferne Geliebte," which this artist had already recorded) is likely to cause many of us to revise our erstwhile views on "Beethoven's failure as a song writer," a verdict perpetuated by many authoritative writers, including the late William McNaught

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in "Grove V." There is, for example "An die Hoffnung," Op. 94 (his second setting of a poem by Tiedge), a masterpiece by any standard, the astonishingly Schubertian "Sehnsucht," the sublime "Wonne der Wehmut," and a brilliant and daring setting of Mephistopheles's "Song of the Flea" from Goethe's "Faust," not to mention the more familiar "Adelaide," "In questa tomba," and the six hymn-like Gellert songs. Fischer-Dieskau's performances are wonderfully ardent and eloquent; I cannot think of any other singer before the public today who could have equalled them. Only his accompanist, Hertha Klust, is a little disappointing, for she tends to sound over-delicate and finicky; Gerald Moore's more masculine approach would have served the music far better. This criticism apart, HMV has given us a set to be treasured.

Columbia, once the junior partner in the main EMI hierarchy but now on level terms of importance with HMV, offers a list of comparable variety and richness, but one which is now a little overshadowed by the sad news of the death of one of its most illustrious artists. Walter Gieseking's association with the Columbia label went back for almost a quarter of a century and was interrupted only by the war and its aftermath, when the pianist was under a political cloud. Although one had lately come to regard him as one of the piano's "elder statesmen," he had, in fact, only celebrated his sixtieth birthday last November and the performances and recordings of the last few years certainly suggested no diminution in his powers. He was in London to add to the long list of his records at the time of his death, and this month's issues include a pair of late Beethoven Sonatas, Op. 109 and 110, which he plays with great delicacy and almost too much refinement—qualities which made him, a German pianist, the world's most renowned interpreter of the piano music of Debussy and Ravel.

KLEMPERER continues his Beethoven series with a ten-inch disc devoted to the Fifth Symphony, a performance of characteristic solidity and profundity whose steady tempi, and the inclusion of the repeat in the opening section of the Finale, prevented it from appearing in the more popular, single twelve-inch side format. Karajan's new version of the Ninth Symphony which, with the Eighth as "fill-up," has at last been released in this country show many admirable qualities without seriously rivalling the Toscanini performance; it completes the Austrian conductor's Beethoven series, but many collectors who might have invested in this set will, presumably, prefer to wait for Klemperer to complete his parallel project, also with the Philharmonia Orchestra. Other symphonic discs from this source include the coupling of Schubert's "Unfinished" with Mendelssohn's "Italian" (Radiodiffusion Francaise/Markevitch), which is, however, less admirable than Cantelli's identical pairing, and Borodin's rather neglected No. 1 which, with Rimsky's "Capriccio Espagnol," is played by the Philharmonia under Galliera.

David Oistrakh has this month given us a real rarity: the "Suite de Concert for Violin and Orchestra" by Serge Taneiev, the teacher of several famous Russian composers and himself a pupil of Tchaikovsky. Thanks to the violinist's superbly skilful and convincing advocacy, this work of five movements emerges as a very pleasing addition to the repertoire and I should not be surprised to find other noted violinists taking an interest in it, now that Oistrakh has brought it to their notice. Leonid Kogan's latest disc is less adventurous, although it offers us the first British recording of Prokofiev's Second Concerto; with it comes Mozart's G major Concerto, receiving a clean, clear-cut performance, if less stylish than the Prokofiev.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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2) The entire famed chorus of the Florence May Festival was brought to Geneva to join the superb symphonic ensemble of L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande. Recorded in Victoria Hall (where the fine Ansermet discs are made) there is startling realism achieved. At no time can the listener feel the presence of the microphone; a sense of living atmosphere in a large theatre is created.
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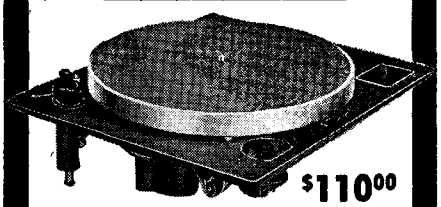
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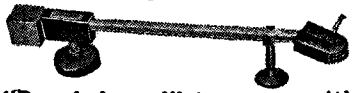
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THE CHILDREN'S CORNER—I

By ADELE FRANKLIN, *Director, All Day Neighborhood Schools, New York Board of Education.*

PARENTS have been agreeably surprised to find that their children, who seem completely absorbed in television watching, have also developed an ear for listening. About a year ago some parents remarked that one advantage of having a television set is that they now see their youngsters even if it is only the backs of their heads. Several of these parents who had built up for themselves a record collection were not especially aware that the children had been listening. However, a nine-year-old in one of these families said to his mother, quite seriously, "You know, I'd like to learn to play in the style of Mozart. The way those trills come in just sends me."

A good collection of records is not only a source of pleasure to the sophisticated music-lover, but it can be invaluable as a part of a shared family experience. Parents who want to develop an interest in music should not overlook the wealth of opportunity provided by a record library.

Never underestimate the capacity of children to enjoy music, and do not condescend to them by thinking that they can only listen to excerpts or abridged editions of the classics. Certainly young children cannot sit through an entire symphony, nor do they always like to sit quietly and listen. I have seen a baby in her play pen move her body rhythmically to the strains of Debussy. When the record stopped she cried, "More 'Bussy, more 'Bussy." And she meant it. I put on a different record and she said crossly, "No! More 'Bussy." Most children under six do not enjoy sitting still, but they like to take part in adult activities. Permitting them to play quietly while the family is listening to records is an excellent way of making them part of the family picture. They absorb more than is apparent, and they quickly learn that the price of being part of the adult world is not disturbing the peace. In one household I have seen, the four-year-old slips in and out while records are being played. When she hears something she likes she is apt to crawl into her daddy's lap, or does an improvised dance to the strains of the

Charity Bailey	"Music Time"	Folkways LP FP-7	$4.25
	"Sing a Song with Charity Bailey" VI	Decca (78) K155	1
	VII	K156	1
	"Follow the Sunset"	Folkways LP FP 706	4.25
	"Golden Slumbers"	Books Records Inc. (78) #1020 DeLuxe Ed.	4.95
Ray Bolger	"Churkendoose"	Decca CU 103 (78)	
Dotty Evans	"Music for 2 Year Olds"	Columbia 45 J4-289	
	"Music for 3 Year Olds"	Columbia 45 J4-285	
Tom Glazer	"Tom's Hiccups"		
Burl Ives	"Singing Time"	Columbia J-1777 (45)	1.19
	"Animal Fair"	J-59 (78)	1.98
	"Angus McFergus MacTavish" "Dundee"	Decca K-168	
Peter Lind Hayes	"Magic Record"	Decca CU 102 (78)	
Frank Luther	"ABC Record"	Decca (78) K122	1
	"Count to Ten"		
	"Children's Corner" Vol. 1	Decca (78) CU 514	2.35
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	" " Vol. 1 and 2	LP DL 5148	3.14
	"Mother Goose"	Decca (78) K 10	1
	"Circus Time"		
Alan Mills	"More Songs to Grow On"	Decca (78) CU 103	
Music for Living Program	A series of 60 Records for 1-6 Age Group	Columbia	1.25
Pete Seeger	"Birds, Beasts, Bugs and Little Fishes"	Folkways (78) FP 716	
Roger Wagner Chorale	"Folk Songs for Children"—	Capitol	
	"Whoopie-Ti-Yi-Yo"	45 CASF 3243	
	"Home on the Range"	45 CASF 3244	
	"I've Been Working on the Railroad"	45 CASF 3245	
Paul Wing	"Favorite Stories for Children"	Camden Cal 364	1.98
	"The Unsuccessful Elf"	Camden 45 CAE 368	.79

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music. If the music doesn't appeal to her, she wanders back to her playroom.

The approach of Christmas is a wonderful time to start a record collection or to add to the present library. The outstanding improvements in the mechanics both of recording and in machines has given a great incentive to collectors. Putting records on your Christmas list will make the holiday spirit spread through the year to the entire family.

A small record-player that is the child's personal property is a source of great pleasure to youngsters, and even some three-year-olds can learn to operate them themselves. Many standard manufacturers have small machines for about $25 or less. The tone quality of these machines is superior to the very cheap toy machines which sell for $10 or $12.

It is not necessary to provide a high-fidelity machine for the young child, especially if he has some opportunity to listen to the family's high-fidelity set. It is important to get a machine with a good tone. A record-player that looks like a clown may add to the decor of the playroom and appeal to the adult eye. But the true transmission of sound will do more to develop a child's appreciation of music. Young children are more interested in the function than appearance of a machine. A reliable store will advise the inexperienced buyer.

FOR children under six there is a wide selection of very excellent records, not only in music but in story. In making selections for the young child the criteria should be to get a pleasing tone and rhythm. Children's records vary greatly and a wise buyer will listen before purchasing. Unfortunately, we cannot assume that all the records by the same artist are equally good. For the most part I prefer records with music rather than the straight story for the youngest set. I have listed a few outstanding story records, but parents must never feel that the recorded story can take the place of the intimate reading of a story from a book. The bond between the reader and the child cannot exist in a machine.

It is astonishing how quickly the three-year-old will discriminate and select the records he enjoys. Some families use the twenty-five cent Golden Records when the child first starts to operate his own machine. Many of these records are very good, but again it is important to listen to them first as some are far from musical judged by any standards. Also it is well to remember that when a record becomes scratched and loses its tone quality because of the inexpertness of the operator it should be replaced. Never discard a favorite record, however worn it may be, without the permission of the owner. Children learn respect for other people's property best when their own rights are respected; and don't think you can fool a four-year-old if he truly likes and uses his records.

A few titles that meet the standard of tone and rhythm and also have proved very popular with the nursery school clientele are those sung by Frank Luther, Burl Ives, Charity Bailey, etc.

The children have met some of these singers on television, and these collections as well as many folk-song collections are enjoyed by the youngest as well as the older children. Charity Bailey's "Following the Sunset" is a collection of lullabys from around the world that the whole family would enjoy. Speaking of lullabies brings to mind a most beautiful volume called "Golden Slumbers." This volume is a selection of lullabys from near and far." The book is most appropriately and artistically illustrated and contains piano accompaniment as well as hi-fi recordings. It would be a gift appreciated by the entire family.

(To be concluded in an early issue)

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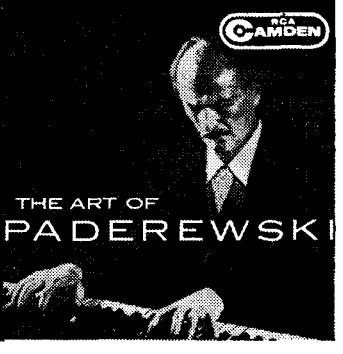

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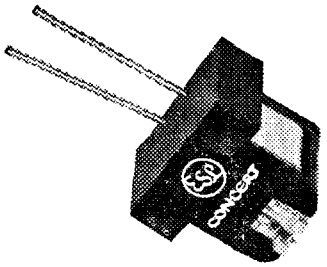

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Schwann Long Playing Record Catalog

Sheean on Music

Vincent Sheean—"a record of enthusiasm and education."

HAD someone not used it before, "Personal History" would be a much better title for Vincent Sheean's latest book (Random House, $4.75) than **"First and Last Love."** And if someone rises to say that it was this same Vincent Sheean who wrote "Personal History," I rise to say that it was quite a different man, whether the name is the same or not. This is "an autobiography of his life in music," and like all autobiographies, it is necessarily incomplete.

As far as it goes (which is, of course, down to the present) it tells any music critic who has met Sheean in and around opera houses and concert halls here and abroad just how he got that way. It began in Pana, Illinois, in Chatauqua season more than fifty years ago; continued during student days at the University of Chicago; and was pursued in and around his formal career as a correspondent ever since. Indeed, one gets to wonder after a while whether music was incidental to work, or work incidental to music. It is a garrulous record of enthusiasm and education Sheean has written in "First and Last Love," in which John and Mary and Lotte are, after a while, synonymous with McCormack and Garden and Lehmann. Toscanini never quite becomes Arturo, but the margin is a narrow one.

The problem with such a book as this is that, being a man accustomed

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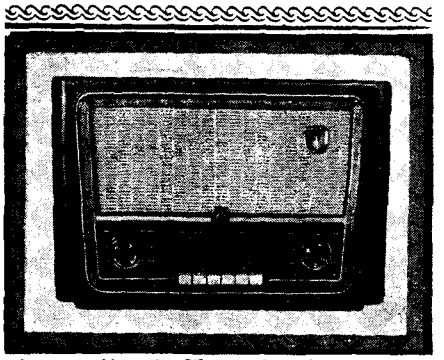

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to drawing conclusions about the subjects with which he is professionally concerned, Sheean is also inclined to draw conclusions from things which he has observed only as an enthusiast. Thus, such a statement as "Flagstad was forty-five and considering retirement when this opportunity (to come to the Metropolitan) came to her." The year in question was 1934, and if she was forty-five *then,* her recently recorded "Alceste" at a Sheean sixty-six must be one of the marvels of all the ages.

Accuracy is not a quality to be regarded with a measuring rod in such a personal memoir as this, save when it involves Sheean in a role for which he is professionally qualified—as a reporter. More than a little space is devoted to the celebrated events of April 3-4, 1954, in other words, the retirement of Toscanini from the NBC Symphony. With a proper regard for a good story, Sheean arranged to be present on the day preceding the broadcast when Toscanini rehearsed for the last time with his own orchestra. He and several hundred other people (including myself) were in Carnegie Hall, most of them present because the sponsor could not provide sufficient tickets for the following day's broadcast.

He describes in considerable detail the "terrible rage" that engulfed Toscanini when things went wrong, and he couldn't clearly identify the place where he wanted the orchestra to begin again. "Then," says Sheean, setting the stage, "came the 'Tannhäuser' Bacchanale, and so far as I could tell it was sweeping along on its usual tempestuous course when the Maestro stopped the orchestra and shouted, rather hoarsely, at the brass." Passing over to the events of the next day, where the mooted lapse of memory occurred, Sheean writes: "There also is a dispute where the confusion came in the 'Bacchanale'; by common sense reasoning it seems likely that it occurred just where it had occurred the day before."

The only flaw in this supposed chain of circumstances is that the rehearsal never proceeded as far as the "Tannhäuser" music. The outbreak to which Sheean refers occurred in Siegfried's "Rhine Journey," which in the broadcast was brilliantly performed. The rehearsal (which, incidentally, was under the cloud of a family tragedy never correlated with Toscanini's mental state—namely, the critical illness of his son Walter's wife, who died not long afterwards) came to its stormy end long before the time for the "Tannhäuser" music had arrived. Thus, the "common sense reasoning" to which Sheean alludes is a mere supposition relating to nothing. Unfortunately, there will be those, reading this vivid description, who will imagine that the incident has been clarified once and for all.

Much of "First and Last Love" is enjoyable and all of it is interesting, whether or not spun out beyond the reasonable length any given incident merits. It is a kind of *mea culpa* of musical, mostly operatic, experience, though never in any sense an *apologia.* It is easily read, whether easily written or not, and it gives one a sense of pleasure to be on the same side of so many musical issues with Sheean. It leaves a lingering doubt, however, that any clarity has been added to some issues with which Sheean concerns himself, such as the matter of Furtwängler's fealty to the Nazi regime. "He went to great lengths," says Sheean, "to save his Jewish musicians." Was it because they were "his" or because they were "musicians" he could ill afford to lose? And what about the others, such as Joseph Rosenstock and William Steinberg, who had to form a two-piano team to subsist until they could get out of Germany? Didn't they count?

It may be tiresome to remark that music is a serious subject that deserves to be treated seriously, but, well, let's be tiresome. I, too, like the chatty and the enthusiastic and the self-opinionated—I wish, though, that they were also exact and well-reasoned. —I. K.

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Gieseking: 1896–1956

MUNICH.

WALTER GIESEKING gave a recital here in Munich on October 11. He played Beethoven's Sonata Op. 31, No. 3, Schumann's Sonata in F♯ minor, Debussy's "Suite Bergamasque," and Ravel's Sonatine. It does not need the special circumstances and shock of his death two weeks later to make this evening remain a memorable artistic experience, but it seems now doubly moving as a sort of swan-song, for it is not too much to say that the artist attained on this occasion what must have been his goal—a transcendant purity and perfection which is vouchsafed to few mortal pianists. In my opinion, this recital surpassed any previous performance. I only wish it had been taped for posterity.

Having attended Gieseking's last New York performance, I had not expected new revelations in his art. I was curious to observe the attitude of the German public to him. While it is not easy, or perhaps possible, for an outside visitor to judge accurately the temper and mood of an audience in all the subtle gradations of its traditional behavior and to assess its degree of sophistication, I can report that this Munich audience seemed rapt rather than rapturous. It applauded long but behaved with greater reserve than our enthusiastic Carnegie Hall audiences toward Gieseking. At other performances here I have seen the audience throw off its polite reserve and become quite excited. Critical acclaim in the newspapers was rhapsodic rather than detailed or analytical.

The Salle der Residenz, where Gieseking played, was rebuilt since the war. The outer wings of this palatial edifice still remain bombed-out shells, but inside the hall there is modern comfort and spaciousness. At this concert it was filled to full seating capacity of 1,200, with seats also upon the stage. The relatively small auditorium respected the delicate sonorities and the intimacy of Gieseking's approch.

The first bit of "news" I gleaned was that Gieseking would play on a Steinway instead of the Baldwin which he always uses in the U.S. This particular piano was not characteristic of Steinways as we know them in the U.S. It lacked the customary resonance in the bass, the singing quality in the middle register, and the action seemed rather brittle.

At the very outset of the Beethoven these qualities of the instrument disturbed me, but so enamoring was the pianist's way—and the way was so

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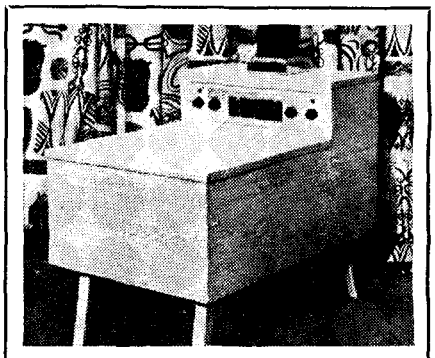

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sound in the rightness of tempi and meticulous adherence to every nuance and indication of the score, and all this within the exquisite framework of Gieseking's style—that any scruples or remembrance of a more robust style of execution were laid away. For the rugged power and inwardness of Schnabel, or the ardor and musical excitement of Serkin, Gieseking offers animation, balance, and consummate but unassuming musical intelligence.

The F# minor Sonata always troubles me. It begins so stirringly, but soon the measures halt and the movement embarks on totally unrelated material. The work contains lovely ideas but they are lost—or so it has always seemed—in a waste of sprawling incoherence. It was the mark of Gieseking's greatness of conception and delivery that he set forth each detail and episode with utmost clarity and loving treatment, pointing up along the way hidden beauties or revealing them in fresh light, and yet he somehow managed the while to relate each part to the whole so that the shape of the work was outlined and came through with unified if diversified expression.

ON THE evening of October 11 his playing revealed an extreme intimacy of mood and even tenderness. Despite the brilliance of his pianistic mastery (the Ravel Sonatine which brought the printed program to a close was a glorious triumph in itself), a tone of gravity hovered about the artist. (I thought this at the time with no clairvoyant knowledge of what was to come.) A large group of students surged forward at the close of the program—this is also customary here—and they were urged to stand right below the piano by a woman photographer whose presence struck a jarring note. But neither her darting about, the flash of bulbs, nor the cluster of faces so near disturbed the dignified, grave composure of Gieseking's bearing. With unsmiling courtesy he acknowledged the long applause and gave four encores: Ravel's "Pavane pour une defunte princesse," played with haunting poignancy; Schumann's "Vogel als Prophet," a cameo of eerie, lonely loveliness; Mendelssohn's E major Song without Words; and last, a tiny piece by Grieg, lifted from its rather cloying sweetness by the same distinguished, sensitive kind of playing which marks his large interpretations. It was a wistful, tender *auf wiedersehen* which subsequent events have changed to Farewell.

It seemed somehow very fitting, as one learned from the obituary writings, that Gieseking's hobby was collecting butterflies. —HILDA PINSON.

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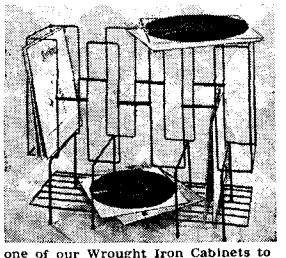

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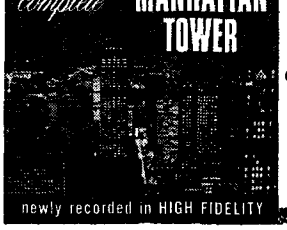

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Music to My Ears

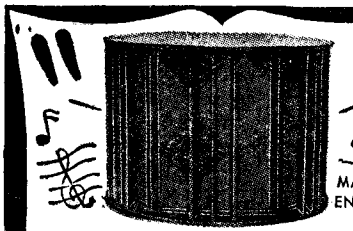
Continued from page 33

as important as a dent in the nose of the Statue of Liberty. The symbol was there for all to see, and what it symbolized was the eloquence and power of music itself.

I, frankly, would not have endured the terminal interminabilities of Bruckner had the thought not persisted that there might be an encore, and it could be, it might be, it definitely was "On the Beautiful Blue Danube" (composer name of Strauss). The overflow audience greeted the introductory phrases with shouts and bravos (many of them tinged with a Viennese accent) and then relaxed in happy silence as the orchestra swung into that repertory of which it is king and court alike. We have all heard it on records and some of us have heard it in person, but it was not quite the same as hearing, in Carnegie Hall, amid the outposts of our asphalt jungle, the wooing strains of an art all geniality, refinement, and spirit. It seemed modest of the men to use music and turn pages in a piece they have imbibed with their mother's milk, but they did. And Schuricht used a properly amended manner to accord with the circumstances. Fine man, Schuricht. He should come soon again. Superb orchestra, the Vienna Philharmonic. It should play in New York more times than the one date at the end of its tour, December 8. The wise will require no more words.

BYRON JANIS took on a man-sized, one might even say a Rachmaninoff-sized task, in playing that composer's first concerto in his recent appearances with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra and Dimitri Mitropoulos. This relates not to the difficulties of the work (no self-respecting young pianist today flinches at difficulties), but rather to the seamy side of its nature, that side on which the Rachmaninoff of 1917 tried to stitch together a creation of twenty-five years earlier, rework its dimensions, and make it the better for the compositional craft he had acquired.

But there must be the shoulders and torso to fit this mantle, and Janis did not quite qualify. Unlike other, better-shaped pieces, this one shows its tailoring clearly if it does not hang quite straight. Indeed, there have been few pianists other than Rachmaninoff himself who have known how to handle its abrupt transitions, its sudden ruminations, bravura outbursts, and trends to the lyric. The odd fact is that it contains all the formula-factors of the "later" Concerto No. 2,



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but the proportions are much less subtle, the ideas, though of the same species, not quite as good.

As well as not having the sure grasp of transition (without which no major musical interpretation can be a success), Janis has dexterity rather than clean virtuosity, agility rather than strength. A deep-sounding tone is rarely at his command, and one recalls his piano sound as an individual fact only in the cadenzas. To his credit are honorable musicianship, a reasonable purity where melodic statement is concerned, a sober respect for rhythmic detail. Utilizing them to wholly expressive ends is another matter. Other "man" matter of this program were Schuman's "Credendum" and Schumann's first symphony. The "Credendum" has been played here previously, and impresses for its chorale slow movement, but depresses with its noisy excesses in both fast ones.

READERS of these pages require no introduction to Mattiwilda Dobbs, the young Atlanta-born soprano who has made some noteworthy records, sung in opera abroad, and in concert in New York. In line with Rudolf Bing's policy of using Negro artists where and when appropriate, she made her Metropolitan debut in a recent "Rigoletto" and did it successfully. Her sure vocal technique, particularly the solidly accurate top, carried her through the difficult occasion with a safe margin of security.

Slender and skilfully made-up for the part, Miss Dobbs looked well and provided the needed alterations from delight to consternation that comprise the usual range of dramatics in Gilda. It would be wise for Miss Dobbs to strengthen the lower range of the voice, which is decidedly weak, for she can muster a good lyric surge up above, as "Tutte la feste" attested. She wisely avoided the traditional but unwritten top E at the end of an otherwise well-sung "Caro nome," but took it strongly at the end of Act III. Musicianship and modesty of manner were among the factors that aided her appeal to the large audience, which received her warmly.

Those familiar Verdians, Leonard Warren and Jan Peerce, were responsible for the strongest elements of this "Rigoletto," the former rising to new heights of authoritative power in the title role, the latter singing a "Parmi veder" (among other things) of notable style and suavity. Giorgio Tozzi, Rosalind Elias, and Louis Sgarro were admirable in smaller parts. Let it be noted, too, that Fausto Cleva worked zealously over the orchestral performance, to his credit and Verdi's.

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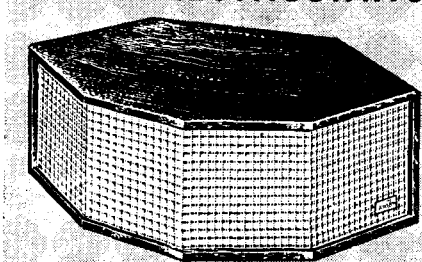

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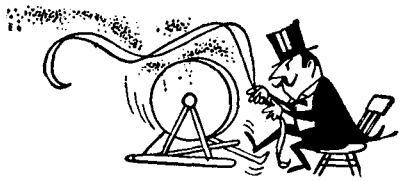

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

CALLAS AND TEBALDI

I HAVE ADMIRED the excellent material you carry in your magazine for quite some time. Now you have reached a peak. I feel I have enjoyed your article "Just Plain Maria" (*SR* Oct. 27) far more than I should have. I cheer the gentleman who threw the radishes! I am an avid Tebaldi fan from way back and dislike Miss Callas intensely. However, I concede defeat. I was intrigued. You will find no argument from any quarter that Miss Tebaldi is at least as fine an artist and a calmer personality. Now, please pacify the faction you have so successfully stirred up and give us an equally fine article on Miss Tebaldi.

ELEANOR JAHODA.

Riverdale, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Such an article by Victor Seroff has appeared* (SR *Feb. 26, 1955), together with a cover drawing of Miss Tebaldi. More may be anticipated at an appropriate time.*

SCHWANN ON SCHWANN

OUR THANKS TO MR. WILDER (LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR, Oct. 26) for calling our attention to the David Diamond's "Rounds" that were missing from the Schwann catalogue he happened to see.

Arranging over 20,000 records into a concise catalogue that is used by over 3,500 dealers and millions of record-buyers throughout the world is a stupendous task; we are grateful to our many readers who kindly write us personally concerning suggestions, omissions, or errors. Most record companies supply us with advance lists—rarely ever the records themselves—and occasionally the information is too sketchy, incomplete, and sometimes even inaccurate.

In some cases months of correspondence are necessary to clear up a problem. Being human, we too sometimes make errors which are usually brought to our attention by letters from people throughout the world whose main interest is in seeing the problem corrected.

Keeping constant watch over these 20,000 records (very few of which are listed only once) is a tremendous responsibility. Listings that may have been adequate three years ago may be woefully in need of change at a later date. Our large staff is constantly checking for ways to improve the Schwann catalogue, and at any given date we have many new improvement projects in progress which are constantly being incorporated in issues as they are completed.

Last summer a project got under way to check the thousands of recordings of contemporary American composers' music. The David Diamond listings Mr. Wilder mentioned were changed in September—just in time to make our September 25 deadline for the November issue. They were correct in our November issue, which was shipped to dealers about

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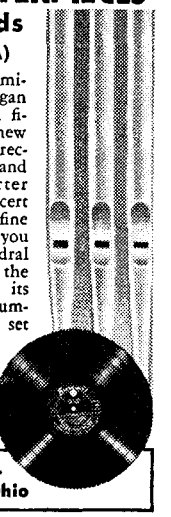

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two weeks before Mr. Wilder's letter appeared in your columns.

W. SCHWANN.

Boston, Mass.

LOSING REPUTATION

The Schwann catalogue has been woefully inadequate for the past year. It doesn't even list such recordings as the complete "Nutcracker" of Dorati and the Minneapolis Symphony as released by Mercury. The publication is fast losing its reputation as the "bible of record collectors."

W. SIEMON.

Los Angeles, Calif.

MORE ON SCHWANN

FIRST, MAY I SECOND YOUR correspondent Mr. James Wade's suggestion for good recordings of Vaughan Williams's "Sancta Civitas" and the complete "Pilgrim's Progress" (arias from which are on an Argo-Westminster disc).

Second, may I add my complaints about poor cataloguing to the others. Why can't we have something as good as *The Gramophone's* perfect British catalogues for U.S.A. makes too?

Third, may I congratulate you for your continuingly high standards.

FRANCIS SCHWARZENBERGER.

New York, N. Y.

REZNICEK ON RECORDS

I would like to advise reader Michael E. Hager (*SR* Oct. 27) of the availability of the following microgroove recordings of Reznicek "Donna Diana Overture" Entre RL 3002. Stock. Chicago; MGM E 120, Fistoulari, London P.O.; RCA ERA 135, Boston Pops (45 rpm).

GEORGE JELLINEK.

Hollis, N. Y.

GREAT SCOT

CONGRATULATIONS, RECORD editors, on that fine article on Scottish records (*SR* Oct. 27)! As a collector of folk music, I've been wondering for a long time why the Scots had been neglected so much—but after reading this, I think you've helped your readers in knowing what to buy, even out here in Ohio.

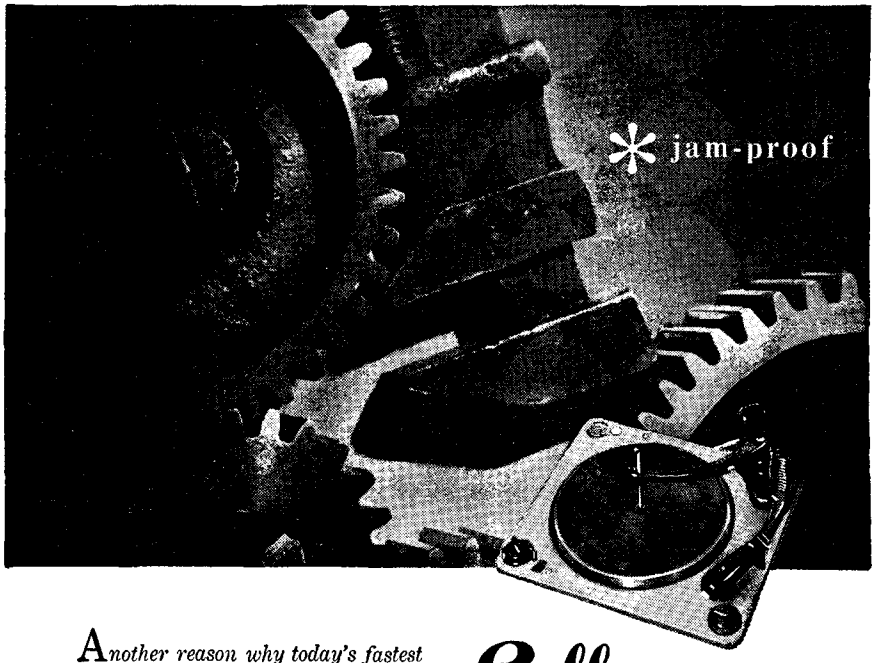
JOHN MURDOCK.

Cleveland, O.

GIs TO AFN

SINCE THE APPEARANCE OF "AFN At Work," I have received requests for information on how to get assigned to the American Forces Network from potential draftees and from a man already in uniform. It occurs to me that there may be others with the same question.

There are only two things that may be done as far as I know. One is for the men to acquaint their Personnel Officers with their qualifications for assignment to AFN and request such duty. The other is to wait until such time as they may be sent to Europe in another assignment. Once in Germany, they can request an interview and audition from AFN Headquarters in Frankfurt or from the nearest AFN station (Berlin, Bremerhaven, Stuttgart, Munich, Kaiserslautern). If



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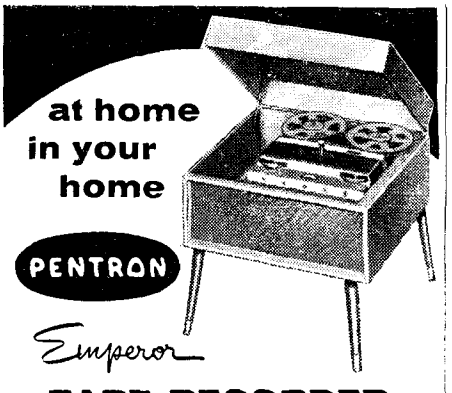

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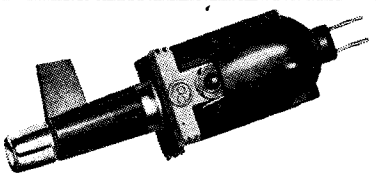

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WALTER P. SHEPPARD.
Bronx, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Accompanied, no doubt, by an honorable discharge.*

NOT CALLAS OR TEBALDI

I HOPE THAT IN the very near future RCA Victor can be persuaded to give us more complete operas with Mme. Zinka Milanov. "La Forza del Destino" finds Mme. Milanov in perhaps her greatest role and I am also fond of her in "Tosca" and "Andrea Chenier."

Milanov certainly has one of the most beautiful voices in the world today, and for a great number it is THE voice.

LEO W. O'DONNELL.
San Francisco, Calif.

NOTE ON PETERS

IN REGARD TO Tom Waechter's letter (*SR* Oct. 27) concerning the lack of recordings by Roberta Peters, I should like to mention that Miss Peters has recorded a complete "Lucia di Lammermoor" with Jan Peerce; a complete "Rigoletto" with Robert Merrill and Jussi Bjoerling; an LP of Mozart and Strauss lieder; and an LP of arias, including "Caro Nome," "Una Voce Poco Fa," "Ombra Leggiera," and "Zerbinetta's Aria."

Although Miss Peters has recorded a sizable quantity of recordings, the big question is "When will RCA Victor make them available to the public?"

ANTHONY ANGARANO, JR.
Winsted, Conn.

EILEEN FARRELL

WHY HASN'T SOME enterprising recording company made some use of the superb talent of the soprano Eileen Farrell? Perhaps you may know of some recording plans for her. I have before me a recent review by Alfred Frankenstein of Miss Farrell's recent San Francisco Leonora in "Trovatore," which states:

> Eileen Farrell made her first appearance with a big-league opera company as Leonora. Her interpretation will remain long in memory for its gorgeous tonal qualities and for the scope, expressiveness, and subtlety of its vocalism.

In her Telephone Hour broadcast last night Miss Farrell delivered a splendid rendition of the first-act "Ernani" aria and, judging by the applause, she completely captivated her audience.

GENE C. OSWELL.
Mobile Ala.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *"Enterprises" on behalf of Eileen Farrell date back to the early 1940s, and she recorded both for Columbia and RCA. Her voice may also be found on M-G-M 3185, which offers the soundtrack of "Interrupted Melody," for which hers was the "anonymous" voice. Otherwise, the "new" Farrell is yet to be discovered by the record makers.*

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RECORD MART is designed to provide a bulletin board on which may be posted buyers' or sellers' notices of anything odd, unusual, rare, or out-of-print on discs or the accessories thereto. Individuals as well as dealers may submit their offerings of duplicated discs, rare labels, old acoustics, society sets, private issues, or withdrawn items, albums, needles, record brushes, or the like. Rate 40¢ per word: 10-word minimum. Count two extra words for box and number. Full payment must be received eighteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held thirty days only. Address RECORD MART, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

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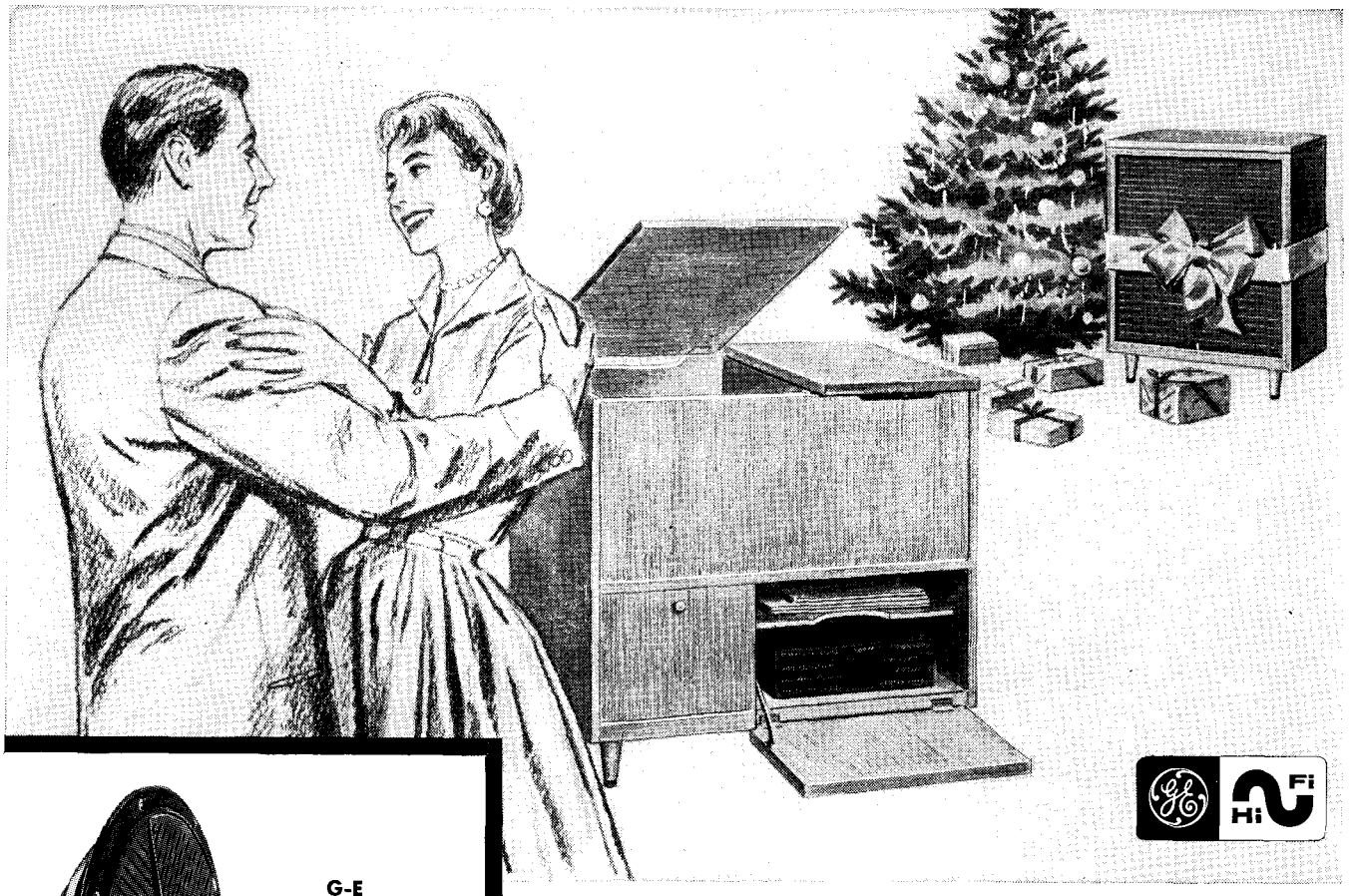

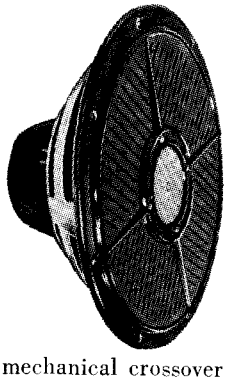

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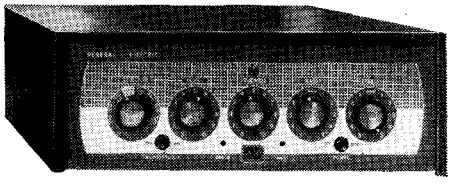

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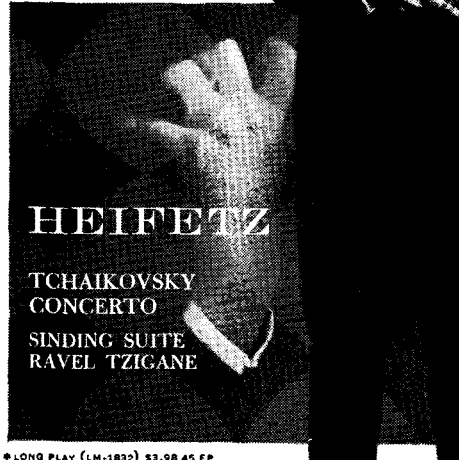

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